COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

AT

WEST CHURCH, BOSTON

1737—1887

Commemorative Services

AT

WEST CHURCH, BOSTON

THE WEST CHURCH.

1806—1887.

THE WEST CHURCH, BOSTON

Commemorative Services

ON THE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS PRESENT MINISTRY

AND THE

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH OF ITS FOUNDATION

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1887

WITH THREE SERMONS BY ITS PASTOR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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[1] This woodcut from the "Memorial History of Boston" is printed by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Co.

PREFATORY NOTE.

AS a religious society is formed for perpetuity, and as ecclesiastical like other edifices are meant to serve more than one generation, so a long pastorate belongs to the book of chronicles, and scarce amounts to aught better than a chronological virtue. It had accordingly been my wish that this memorial volume should be confined to an account of the public week-day exercises which were hinted by a concurrence of dates. But the judgment of the West Church committee prevails in determining its contents; and I find that my own words are to occupy a position and fill a space my reason for disclaiming which was the personal way in which, before and after the wider observance, I had spoken as to my own family and household of faith, preaching to whom has become frank and friendly domestic conversation, in the style in which an old servant under the roof is sometimes indulged. What is said, however, in a pulpit is addressed to the community; what is printed is published; and on no ground of privacy can its faults, if explained, be excused. Yet, as from our Chairman's suggestion come also these introductory lines, I may be permitted in them to add some acknowledgment of the debt I owe to my calling and to my parochial charge. By the harness that galls the load is drawn. A member of any profession — divinity, medicine, or law — will in the

course of many years have seasons of being weary and sore in the yoke; but let him not forget or fail to own how he is educated in that by which he is tried. The parish I have been so identified with and should hardly know myself apart from, could as soon doubt its own as my loyalty and love. My ministry is a privilege in which, to my mind, obligation on either side disappears. Nothing I have rendered to the flock can equal what I have received from its heart and at its hands. If any influence has gone forth to the land from the old place of its assembly, still in its desk was the vantage-ground.

C. A. B.

10th June, 1887.

The West Church: History and Ministry.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL.

PREACHED FEB. 27, 1887.

SERMON.

AND YE SHALL HALLOW THE FIFTIETH YEAR, AND PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF. — *Leviticus* XXV. 10.

YOUR minister completes to-day a half century's public service, and this West Boston Society rounds out a century and a half, a three-fold jubilee, of its existence as a church. God hides the germs of every living thing. We cannot give a nation's date. No record holds the moment by the clock of any scientific discovery. Banquo's question to the witches, if they can look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow, hints the secrecy of every embryo of matter or mind. In regard to the religious foundation on this spot, we but know that early in January, 1737, less than a score of persons, — just seventeen, — from six worshipping bodies, at diverse points of the compass, with two preachers — Prince and Foxcroft — to help, like a detachment of bees began to swarm, put their heads and hearts together and chose a minister, William Hooper, whom they did not ordain till the 18th of May ensuing, then chipping the shell. It is curious to observe,

however, that the recent law of weekly payment for labor in this Commonwealth had so early the force of custom, — an old yellow leather-bound record showing that on the 27th of February — just a hundred and fifty years ago — Mr. Hooper received in English currency eight pounds. In default of other register, we may fancy it took a month or six weeks — a much lesser period than has been used in many more recent cases — for the company to have a right by ownership to dedicate the ground and altar, and to come into a solvent and responsible relation to a pastor, who after a nine years' service, having already listened to an invitation from the proprietors of Trinity Church, suddenly on a Lord's day, without notice to his own parishioners or among them any discontent, sailed in the man-of-war "Chester" for England, there received Episcopal ordination from Bishop Benson in 1747, returned to Boston, and on the 28th of August became rector of Trinity Church; so that the present rector of that church and your humble servant here have, if they need it, excuse and apology for their own mutual good-will from a common ecclesiastical ancestor. One of Hooper's sons — his namesake a graduate of Harvard College — went to North Carolina, was delegate to the Congress that declared our national independence and signed the instrument, a portrait of the clergyman, of which I regret we have no copy, being in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Hooper in that State. Why our primate

and first shepherd deserted his innocent unoffending flock has been a hard riddle; and what absolution they granted him does not appear. That they did not complain or proceed in any way against him, is proof what consistent protestants against arbitrary power to hold or bind a man contrary to his own will and conscience they were; and perhaps they found reason to forgive this bolting by their teacher from his peaceful charge in outside theological interference, — like that by which in lower ranges of the animal kingdom some intruder drives a fish or bird from its own shell or nest. Hooper had preached a Thursday lecture expressing more liberal views than were as yet accepted of the divine attributes, and protesting against the idea of aught vindictive or revengeful in the character of God. Some of the Congregational ministers were hit or hurt, and expressed by letter to him their displeasure. He was of a gentle but noble mien and temper, yet not a person to be cowed by their wrath; and to one of his correspondents, who had cited in support of the doctrine of fear the trembling of Moses at Mount Sinai, Hooper replied he did not know that the shaking of the prophet "was mentioned to his honor," — a double stroke of wit and self-respect which makes our heart warm to him, and discloses his motive in a preference of the lords bishops to the lords brethren, whose little finger in our history, after the figure of the young men to Rehoboam, was

sometimes thicker than the prelatical loins. So Hooper — as I solve the conundrum — escaped from a heavier to a then lighter yoke with a motion which in these days and in this place there is for such a spirit nothing to tempt. His wife was the twin sister of John Dennie, an eminent Boston merchant and forefather of a family never without representatives in this sanctuary, — George Dennie being the only survivor of those by whose vote your present minister still holds his place.

Hooper departing like one that shakes the dust from the shoes of his feet in the autumn of 1746, the West Church opened its doors in 1747 to Jonathan Mayhew, first preacher in Boston of an untrinitarian God; most potent clerical assertor in America of civil and religious freedom; pre-eminently famous in the pulpit on these shores, not as a maul of heretics, but as a flail to thresh the British hierarchy and crown with repeated blows that had transatlantic echoes; a master-workman, Christ-like, who broke down the partition-wall between civil or secular and religious affairs; peerless in intellect, espousing human privilege, who had in the council of patriots no superior; a torch-bearer who lighted from the sparkling shrine of prayer the watch-fires of a country's redeemers; a communicant who, fresh from the table of the Lord's Supper, wrote to James Otis, "Communion of the churches! why not communion of the colonies?" the people's unfallen Lucifer, —

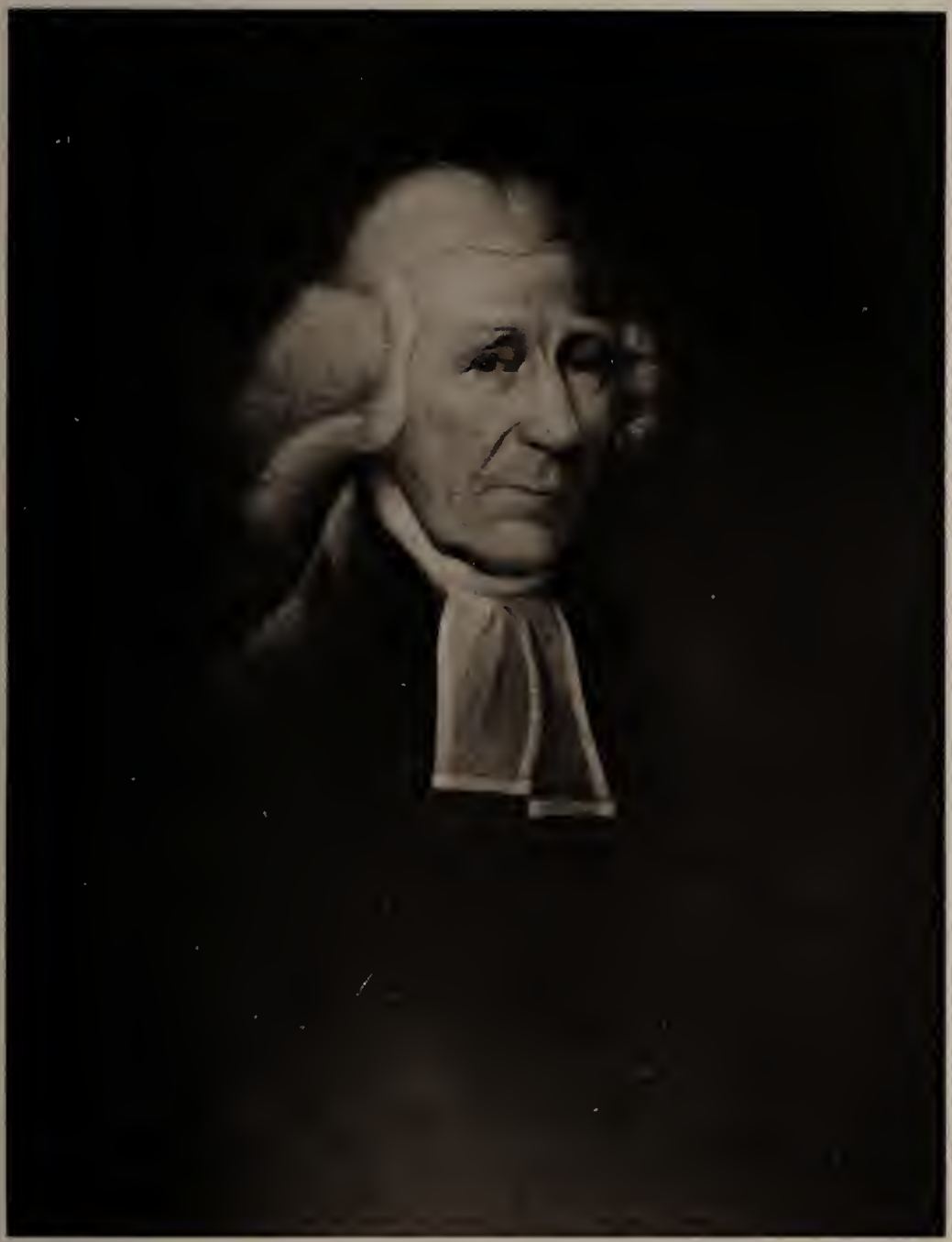
IONATHAN MAYHEW, D.D. PASTOR OF THE WEST CHVRCH IN BOSTON, IN NEW ENGLAND, AN ASSERTOR OF THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOVS LIBERTIES OF HIS COVNTRY AND MANKIND, WHO, OVERPLIED BY PVBLIC ENERGIES, DIED OF A NERVOVS FEVER, IVLY VIIII, MDCCLXVI, AGED XXXXV

"Who rose, where'er they turned their eye,
The morning-star of liberty;"

and who, as the inscription on this admirable picture — a photographically enlarged reproduction of the old engraving — informs us, overplied with public energies, died at the age of forty-five, of a nervous fever. He had in Thomas Hollis a kindred soul and coadjutor. By his radical speculations in theology, his brethren in the ministry were touched but not alienated; and when one of them, holding his hand as the pulse was in the last flutterings, asked if he still held fast to the tenets he had maintained, he answered, "My integrity I hold fast and will not let it go." As a compound battery reduplicates the flash and force of a single cell or wire, so Mayhew was born to feel and speak and strike with manifold energy for a million of men. Eloquence has been called logic on fire. But when the flame of genius is kindled by the principle of justice, and the cause of humanity consecrates supreme ability, and a man makes a better than Hebrew holocaust of every faculty and opportunity to display and enforce the rights of men to be governed in equity, and everybody to have room of opportunity, as none can put forth his strength or talent with the elbow bound, and to think on their own business for themselves, — then comes utterance like John Milton's; then periods roll out from a little pen like peals of thunder. And some of Jonathan Mayhew's are as solemn and

sublime as Milton's own. He declares he will not be "religiously scolded or pitied or whipped out of any principles or doctrines rationally held on Scripture authority," and not postpone that to all the good fathers of the church, even with the good mothers added. The only effectual arguments from the illiberal, he said, were the stones that knocked out the brains; and he saw no reason why the "Song of Solomon" was in the canon, and the "Wisdom" out, but that men love songs more than wisdom. He complains that there is a saintship without sanctity, which it takes a trip across the Atlantic to comprehend; an impious bargain between the sceptre and the surplice, — Christ not preached, but Charles, who was called a saint not because he was a good man, but a good churchman. And when Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, contemptuously described him as a poor man, he answered, "Such I am indeed, but have through my people's generosity a comfortable subsistence and contentment, which, if attended with integrity and godliness, is all the gain my soul aspires after in this world." In his sacred fury he cries,—

"Will they never let us rest in peace, except where all the weary are at rest? Is it not enough that they persecuted us out of the Old World? Will they pursue us into the New? What other new world remains? Where is the Columbus to pilot us to it before we are consumed by the flames, or deluged in a flood of episcopacy? For my own part," he continues, "I can hardly ever think of our being



Simeon Howard

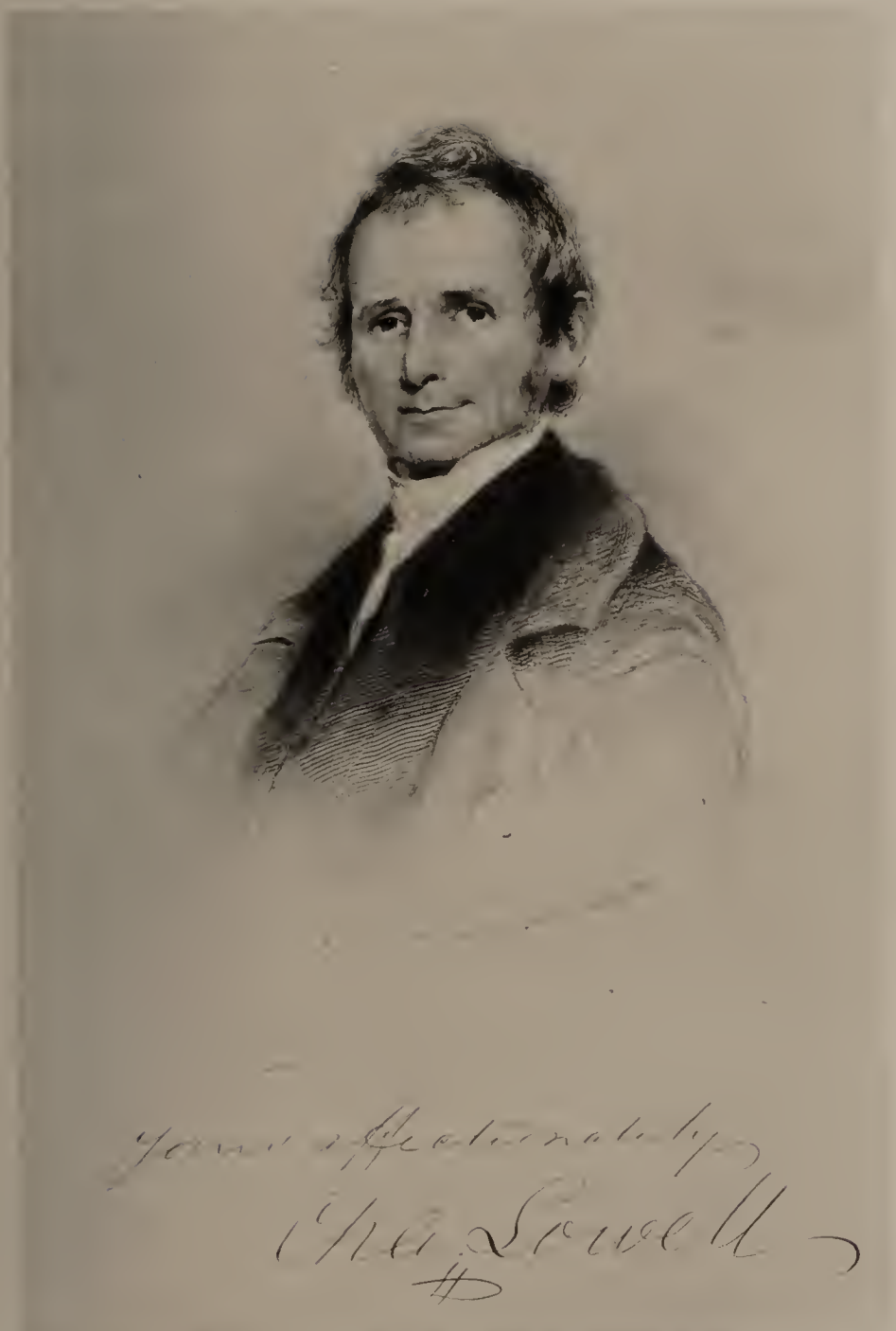
pursued thus from Britain into the wilds of America, and from world to world, without calling to mind, though without applying, that passage in the Revelation of St. John, 'And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into the place where she is nourished from the face of the serpent. And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.'"

Mayhew died July 9, 1766. While he lay at the point of death, every clergyman in town prayed for his life. Even the church clergy composed collects to that end.

In 1767 the private-public man, as he was called, was succeeded by Simeon Howard, a man of milder make, yet as by heredity the same apostolic and audacious lover of liberty. In a few years fell the Revolutionary whirlwind, which Mayhew and other soaring spirits had been at once the stormy petrels to announce and the inspired zealots to provoke. The British troops held Boston, and turned the old wooden building first raised here into a barrack, dispersing the congregation. In 1775, on suspicion that the Continental troops in Cambridge had been signalled from the steeple, a few feet from the line where the square belfry now stands, the soldiers razed it to the ground. A remnant of the society with its unflinching pastor sailed for the Bay of Fundy. On landing, Howard was arrested as having no permit to leave Boston, and taken to Halifax. On the return to the New England capital the

impoverished survivors of the flock, feeling unable to give their shepherd any support, proposed to dissolve. He replied he would stand by them with any compensation, or none, "while three families remained." In Nova Scotia, seeing certain young men putting stones, to increase the weight, into some bundles of seaweed hay meant for their military friends and British compatriots in Boston, he persuaded them to desist from the dishonesty, though designed against his and his country's foes. I may be pardoned some personal pride in the disinterested fairness and charity of Howard, that grandfather and great-grandfather by marriage of me and mine, who, with the treasurer of the society for his rival, won for his wife Mrs. Mayhew, the widow of his predecessor. When John Quincy Adams, in his own glowing way, pronounced to me a panegyric on Dr. Howard, whom he had heard preach, I having at the time the same gold fastenings on my wrists which Howard was wont to wear into the desk, made answer to the great ex-president and most famous of Massachusetts' representatives on the floor of the House in Washington; and I said, "It pleases me, sir, to hear your eulogy on my forerunner. I cannot claim that the mantle or aught of the spirit of Howard has fallen on me, his grandson-in-law; but I at least have got his sleeve-buttons." I wear them still.

On the first of January 1806, Howard having died in his seventy-second year (in 1804), was



ordained Charles Lowell, the third inheritor and worthy upholder of those liberties of which he had enough, yet not a jot to spare, in his own blood; and this now almost antiquated temple was soon reared for the new service, after thirty-one years of which the minister, as greatly beloved as any one in the annals of this town, desired a colleague, — in choosing whom, so dear was he to his charge, they seemed to concur in his opinion; and he on whom the lot fell finds in this favor of his colleague some added title to self-respect. For a quarter of a century this relation in all love and harmony held, ending in hand-clasps and kisses with him in his sick-room and on his death-bed in 1861. It is a pleasure always to me to have his image in my mind, and his name on my tongue. The good, holy, loving, faithful man was one of those whose infirmities, if he had such, could not be seen, his virtues so stood in the way, — as when the sun eclipses the moon, or mortal features, because our eyes are misty, are half hid with mimic stars and rainbows on their lids. I remember his shining glance across the room, at the house of one of his daughters still living among us, on his return from a three years' travel in Europe and the farther East. After his affection for all his parishioners, his, like his predecessors', master passion was still for the liberty of his church. Next to the two great commandments was his positive undenominational will. He insisted that the Boston Directory, or any Year-Book, should give no

title but "Independent Congregational" to the West Church, which should never be Unitarianized or Trinitarianized, so help him God! He quoted in self-defence Paul's refusal of subjection to the circumcising brethren, even for an hour. He was on such terms of exchange with the Old South Church that Wisner, about to be settled there, begged of him the "right hand of fellowship." But by the gods of creed, rising like ghosts on the Merrimac and Connecticut, the Lord's heritage was ready to be parcelled out; a rigid sectarianism was drawing the lines, and in the ordaining council a motion was made to set aside Lowell and override the candidate's wish. Dr. Osgood the moderator, so Lowell himself informed me, declared, "I won't put the motion." But it was put. Afterward meeting Wisner he said, "We can shake hands in the street, if not in the pulpit."

Yet Lowell, excluded on one side, did not join the other. As in the White Hills sixty years ago the Willey House stood while the roaring avalanche parted on either side, so he and his remained amid the slides and convulsions of party spirit, unmoved. He resembles that centre of a storm which is said in the spiral whirl not to stir. Channing and Norton and Ticknor were with him in this first reluctance to organize and associate against the Calvinistic yoke. But he alone persisted, remonstrated, and asseverated that he would not belong to a party, — no, not even to a no-party party; and so

abode to the end of his days. He was no schismatic. He had a healthy Christian catholicity in his heart and on the brain. When it was proposed to divide the Convention one of whose functions was to raise and distribute funds of charity to the poor widows of deceased members, he rose and declared he could go with neither section. "If in consequence of any separation these widows shall come to want," he exclaimed, "their groans shall not disturb my slumbers, their blood shall not cleave to the skirts of my garments." I give his language as cited to me by Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of the clergy at the time. Lowell himself told me that Dr. Lyman Beecher, having in the sessions of the same body referred to those "who had departed from the faith of the fathers," he Lowell inquired "if any portion still adhered to the faith of the fathers," — to which Beecher, with a cough and stammer, could only reply, "Yes, for substance." That *substance*, in Andover and elsewhere, is a convenient substantive still. But Lowell fled into freedom of the spirit; like Lot out of Sodom he forsook all bondage of the letter, never turning back at the risk of becoming a pillar of salt. He abjured sect. He was no heretic. He craved and appealed to a larger sympathy. He held, not to Orthodoxy, but orthopraxy. Points of doubtful disputation he abhorred.

To this sketch of the West Church ministry let me add two or three lay-figures. When I was

settled, one of the first to greet and cheer me was George C. Shattuck, then living almost under the sanctuary eaves, — a man of genius in the medical calling, with an intuitive divination of disease, who, when his young minister's first vigor was spent, put him on horseback with a companion, and without medicine restored health. I bear in mind his searching gaze while, lost in thought and still as a statue, he considered his patient. As thus rapt and motionless in his usual listening way he once in a company, after a half-hour, turned a little his head, one on the other side of the room said, "*It moves!*" Of all my early parishioners he was the most original in manner of conduct and style of speech. He said: "It makes one look stupid to think." "I keep my boy's head to grind-stone," he told me, "that I may secure for him the healthy stimulus of prospective want." "Madam, I have a diluted responsibility," he said to a mother of whose son he was guardian, when she questioned his course in discharge of his trust. His character combined strength with sensibility, and united generosity to thrift. But he deputed to no agent to prescribe his task or make the channels in which his abundant bounty should flow.

Another figure prominent among my friends was that of Charles G. Loring. Loring was a lawyer devoted to his client, but declining any bad case, not wishing to win by technicality, not using arguments that had no weight to his own mind, and not

brow-beating, as is the fashion of some, witnesses on the other side. He was courteous in court. Nor could he take any sort of bribe however disguised, or even endure reward of merit for his fidelity. A wealthy gentleman now deceased, in whose favor, not in court but in consultation, Mr. Loring had pronounced, told me he sent him a splendid silver pitcher after the decision, in token of his thanks. The next morning the pitcher was returned. That was Charles G. Loring, Superintendent of our Sunday-school. Into the noble and indispensable profession of the law have gone some of the brightest spirits, and out of it have come for long ages many of the best and a few of the greatest men; however, as also do the clerical and medical folk, it presents some *bravoes*, and has its share of hypocrisy and fraud.

I cannot quite omit one other name, Joseph Willard, the erect, upright, handsome clerk of the court, as pure and devout and fair to look on as Lowell himself, with whom near forty years ago I sat up so many nights preparing the collection of hymns, now in our use.

The woman of Endor, whom Saul requested to fetch up Samuel, saw gods ascending from the earth; and men have believed in gods because of the divine of their own number, whose lives they could not otherwise account for, and whose existence they must hold to, beyond the grave. "These all died in faith," says the writer to the Hebrews of the wor-

thies on his list. When I think of Mayhew I hear a sound of trumpets, and as if some angel of judgment held the last one to his lips. The story of Howard reads like a mediæval romance. Lowell's pastorate seems a pastoral symphony. Part of the record of this church was swept away, as with a broom and besom of ruin, in the tempest of war. But the spirit is movement, and the Church Universal is no fixture of article and form, no treadmill of repetition and routine. In its outward changes and adaptations to human need on this restless sea of life it rather resembles that sort of light-house, — one specimen of which we have on the north bay of yonder Cape, — where the unceasing stir under the hammer of wind and wave on the vast dunes or heaps of sand necessitates occasional change of the site of the building, in order that with its blazing guide it may front the storm-tossed sailor and show the secure path to the laboring ship. Our West Church is not an architecture of tenets or ordinances, dove-tailed into a covenant or liturgy. At the beginning the Christian Church was sometimes figured as a vessel heaving on a voyage. So in the catacombs, or hunted from their homes, the first Christians must have felt it to be.

Will you accept these estimates from your minister, your servant for Christ's sake, as but his contribution to your own better thoughts? He does not in any wise consider them as complete or final even in his own mind. Man's judgment, as

Paul thought, is a small thing. He that judgeth is the Lord, who hangs the constellation Libra, the scales in the sky. We are all of us weighed like every atom and orb. Do we complain of being unappreciated or wrongly dealt with? My friend, thou canst not suffer injustice or any real harm. There is One who will see you righted, though the sun faint and the heavens fall. What saith the Lord to every one? Have patience; bear exhortation. Be gentle men and women; not beastly or brutal, with smooth faces that are but painted masks. Pretences will not pass. You can be combative and destructive without sword or gun. You can use no poniard, yet stab in the dark. If you injure, repent and confess. The tongue, says Goethe, is the only weapon that can heal the wounds it makes. Where you have bruised, bind up. Partake not the temper of your enemy; else you are infected with the sin you so righteously denounce. Feel and offer the love and forgiveness you implore. We have each one his burden; and the weight lifted depends on the lever's length. Our moral fulcrum is a moment of time; the motive, an eternal reach; the purchase, in the soul. "On this rock will I build my church." Was ever before meaning so great held in a play upon words? Very early in my ministry Charles Sprague, the banker-poet, said to me respecting the future, "I want more light, but your kingdom is passing away." What a sentence from a flitting mortal on the Christianity

which is a solid fact! I have noticed since no sign of decay. In a great gallery of pictures, through which successive generations of admiring spectators had passed, one of a company of visitors said, "We seem to be the shadows, those canvases on the wall the realities." But from no pigments and with no painter's brush can images be drawn into forms and tints comparable to the Christian ideas, or having such a lease of life. They give no quit-claim of their property in the human mind. Your bond or mortgage runs for you and your heirs and assigns into but another century at most; the religious obligations and spiritual affections have a hold on us from which we cannot conceive of being absolved. On the first page of this parchment-bound book which I hold in my hand is the first known entry of William Hooper's weekly stipend, the 27th of February one hundred and fifty years ago this day. For what have men paid or will they still sacrifice and suffer so much as for their faith? We bid you hope.

The West Church.

1737–1887.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
ITS FOUNDATION, AND THE FIFTIETH OF
ITS PRESENT MINISTRY.

Tuesday, March 1, 1887.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

ANTHEM. "Hallelujah Chorus," "The Messiah" . . . . . *Handel.*

PRAYER.

ADDRESSES.

Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D.D.
Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, D.D.
Rev. E. A. Park, D.D.

HYMN . . . . . *Butcher.*

From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know;
And, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only Parent now adore.

On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

See how, along the immortal meads,
His glorious host the Saviour leads!
And brings the myriads none can count
To seats of joy on Zion's Mount.

ADDRESSES.

His Excellency Oliver Ames, Governor of the Commonwealth.

Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., LL.D.,
President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

James Russell Lowell, D.C.L., LL.D.

DUET. "O Lovely Peace," "Judas Maccabæus" . . . . . *Handel.*

ADDRESSES.

Rev. A. A. Miner, D.D.

Rev. Robert T. S. Lowell, D.D.

Mr. Mohini.

HYMN FOR THE OCCASION . . . . . *By Miss Mary Bartol.*

Read by Rev. Loammi G. Ware.

ANTHEM. "Gloria" . . . . . *Mozart's 12th Mass.*

ADDRESSES.

Rev. George Angier Gordon.

Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter.

Rev. Philip S. Moxom.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

MINISTERS OF THE WEST CHURCH.

WILLIAM HOOPER, 1737-1746.

JONATHAN MAYHEW, 1747-1766.

SIMEON HOWARD, 1767-1804.

CHARLES LOWELL, 1806-1861.

CYRUS A. BARTOL, 1837-

Committee of Arrangements.

Charles G. Loring.
Thomas Gaffield.
Alexander Wadsworth.
J. Otis Wetherbee.
Alexander F. Wadsworth.

Ushers.

Grenville Howland Norcross.
John Rayner Edmands.
James Russell Reed.
Thornton Howard Simmons.
Winthrop Tisdale Talbot.
William T. Newton.
Edward Hale Greenleaf.
Winthrop Wetherbee.
Walter H. Dugan.
George Uriel Crocker.
Howard L. Shurtleff.
E. Lyman Brown.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES.

THE WEST CHURCH JUBILEE.

ADDRESS OF REV. C. A. BARTOL,

PASTOR OF THE WEST CHURCH.

"THE Lord is our shepherd: we shall not want. He maketh us to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth us beside the still waters. He restoreth our soul. He leadeth us in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

I take for granted that without form or prescription from this place, the prayer unspoken, unspeakable, unceasing, arises from your hearts, not for the presence, but for our feeling of the presence of Him to whose glory, in the name of His Son, so long ago this church was founded and this building reared. For, my friends, Nature respects and repeats the past. It was just such a clear, cold, blowing, sparkling, inspiring day fifty years ago, — to-day I might call the photograph of that day, — that I stood at this desk, and heard Ware preach, and felt Lowell's hands on my head. A party of my own family coming from Portland that day in the stage were overset three times in the snow; yet they arrived

safe to the ordination of the son and brother. I think such gatherings as this resemble, though on a great outward scale, those *agapæ*, or love-feasts, of the early Christians, in whose little assemblies in the conventicles, in the catacombs, on the hill-sides, such vast principles were involved, and from which such great and enduring consequences were to flow; so that we feel here to-day the vibration of that long wire which is made of time and truth.

I greet you with the earnest welcome of this people to this festive hour. To be sure, our guests to-day bring to the hosts their own and our fare. It is written, as it was spoken by him who had no occasion to write to preserve his words, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" but the articulate word of God must always be pronounced in this world by the mouth of man, and we feed on it. I am glad it is pronounced in such various ways and diverse tongues all over the world, and I rejoice in the catholic character of this occasion. As the sunbeam blends and hides the seven colors which the prism so handsomely parts; as the division of notes on a musical instrument by the string and pipe generates the harmony; as "all Nature's difference makes all Nature's peace,"— so the Spirit has manifold operations and manifestations, all of which are needful in order to make the full utterance of that mighty Spirit, the whole of which no man, no sect, no denomination,

no language, no faith, from the east to the west, can perfectly embrace, and which it will take not only earth, but heaven and eternity, to begin to conceive and to set forth.

This is called, I observe in the papers, a celebration. My friends, I am not at all in a celebrating mood. I do not consider it any credit to have lived and been busy in my vocation for fifty years. There is a dash of regret, perhaps a sprinkling holier than from the priest's hand of repentance and remorse, a certain shrinking which he must have been either a greatly self-satisfied or very excellent man in looking at his record to avoid, in all retrospect. Call it, if you will, the observance by the West Church of the double anniversary of the Fifty and One Hundred and Fifty years. We are called, I think, to observe such great periods of time; and there was, my friends of this flock will remember, an observance of the fiftieth anniversary of my senior colleague and dear friend Dr. Lowell. To me this is a time of gratitude to God, of thoughtful memory of the vanished ones, of solemn joy; and there is no joy that can be deep which is not somewhat solemn. I do not feel jubilant: I feel very sober as I stand before you. How many a thing done or said by me, but for the good intent thereof, I might be glad to avoid, wipe out, have some angel's tear — as we read in Laurence Sterne about Uncle Toby's oath — drop on it, and blot it out forever!

But as I stand here on this occasion, wishing to give you the inmost thought and deepest feeling of my mind and heart, let me say, I am myself at peace in myself and with all men. If any wrong by any fellow-creature has ever been done me, or any one remembers anything of that nature, — I doubt if any one does in this assembly, — I feel it in my soul to say I forgive it. I am clean of it: there is not a rankling memory in my breast. I forgive it wholly, if there be anything to forgive. But pardon, as I think of it in my own mind, is reduced to a very small quantity, even to a vanishing point, as the mathematicians tell us. For how much goodness, how much gladness more than I deserve, infinitely more than I expected, has been poured into my lot! If the cup of a person is that which holds his just measure, then how my cup continually, so as not to be gauged with contents incalculable, has been running over! I thank every one who has put either a drop of sweet or a healthy bitter into that cup. As the great French scholar, Ernest Renan, said, "I am satisfied with the period I have been called to traverse," so am I content with what I have had, — if you will pardon the common word to express it, — for my portion in this spread and festival of life.

My friends, I told the committee it would be my honest wish and was my earnest purpose to serve to-day simply as an usher to introduce the speakers who do us honor and show their large charity by

coming into this house, although I doubt not they feel, as I feel, that it honors them to be in any house of sincere worship of God. You will hold the committee, then, answerable for insisting, as they did, that I should do just a little more than introduce the speakers.

I am very sorry to say that my dear friend Dr. Hedge, disappointing us, is himself sorely disappointed not to be able to be present, and has desired that I, and not another, as I suggested to him, should read his paper.

ADDRESS OF REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, D.D., LL.D.

Mr. President, — My call to speak on this occasion is due to no personal connection with this society, but simply to the uncovenanted grace and friendship of its pastor, who celebrates, together with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his church, the fiftieth of his pastorate.

What I have to say relates to the unsectarian, undogmatic character of the West Church. It is usually ranked with the Unitarian churches of the city, but has never, I believe, distinctly owned that belonging. In the Unitarian Year Book it is named an "Independent Congregational Society." It is the only one in the city which bears that designation. There are Orthodox Congregational

churches; there are Unitarian, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Roman Catholic, and others; and there is this one Independent Congregational, — the West Church.

When the unfortunate schism took place which divided the Congregational body into two hostile camps, the Trinitarian and Unitarian, Dr. Lowell, then pastor of this church, would side with neither of the parties. He would have nothing to do with theological quarrels. He hated Unitarian-ism, and he hated Trinitarian-ism; it was hard to say which he hated most. He included them both, and all other doctrinal isms, in one comprehensive, impartial anathema. He stood alone, strong in his independence, — an erect spirit.

I recall his pathetic remonstrance when at a meeting of the Congregational Charitable Society, which embraced both parties, it was proposed that we should divide according to our doctrinal affinities; that the Trinitarians should meet in one place, and the Unitarians in another. After some wrangling on both sides Dr. Lowell rose, and filled with righteous indignation said: "You propose a separation; you would have the Trinitarians go to Park Street, and the Unitarians to Federal Street: where shall I go? I belong to neither of those bodies, and never will. This society is charged with a sacred charity; the widows and orphans of deceased Congregational ministers are largely dependent on us for their support; they look to our annual contributions for their

needful bread. If those contributions fail by reason of our disputes, if any of those widows perish in consequence, their blood shall not be found on the skirts of my garment." The separation did not take place.

The schism in the Congregational body was unavoidable. It may have served to promote investigation and the critical study of the Bible, but ecclesiastically its consequences have been disastrous. Seconded by the nearly coincident abolition of the third article of the constitution of this Commonwealth, which taxed citizens for the maintenance of public worship, it has had the effect to substitute in the place of the old territorial parish a number of feeble societies in towns where the population barely suffices to furnish a single church with decent accommodation and able ministry. Each sect insists on having its own pet dogma or rite represented in a separate communion. The support of such, falling on a few, becomes burdensome, and for want of support the character of the ministry degenerates; the service ceases to satisfy, it ceases to command respect. Hence in the small interior towns a marked decline in attendance on public worship.

In view of this evil, one is tempted to crave an established church, supported like our public schools by local taxation, — a catholic church, as catholic as the absence of doctrinal tests and liturgical restrictions can make it, within the limits of the Christian confession.

In a recent convention of Episcopalians it was proposed to change the title of their church from Protestant Episcopal to "American Catholic." I have a great regard for the Episcopal Church; I sympathize with it in some of its aspects and as represented by many of its clergy. But the claim set up by zealots of that communion to be especially catholic, to be *the* church by way of eminence, strikes me as an impudent assumption. A lady of my acquaintance was asked by one of these bigots if there were a church in the town where she lived. "Oh, yes, there are several; there is the Orthodox Congregationalist, the Baptist, the Unitarian, the Methodist." "I am not speaking of your sects," said the querist, "but is there any *church* there?"

It is a comfort to know that the most popular, the ablest minister of that church in this city, perhaps in this land, disavows that claim and stoutly resists the proposed change in the title of his church.

There was once an established church in Massachusetts; that was the Congregational. In the early days of our history Episcopalians, Baptists, and others were dissenters. The first Congregational ministers of Boston had, I believe, received Episcopal ordination in the mother country. They might on that ground claim apostolic succession, if apostolic succession is understood to mean communication of the Holy Spirit by laying on of prelatical hands. But they had it on quite other grounds. For the Holy Spirit is not conveyed by impact; it is

not contagious; it has quite other channels than any priestly touch. The Cottons, the Nortons, the Mathers, the Eckleys, the Chauncys, the Mayhews of Boston may be supposed to have had quite as much of it as the fox-hunting divines and the Parson Frullivers who represented so largely the chorus of the Anglican Church in the eighteenth century, before John Wesley brought to it a fresh importation of the Spirit direct from the bosom of God.

The Episcopal Church can never in this country be a catholic church. With the church of Rome on one side and a multitude of Protestant sects on the other, it can never be anything else than a partial denominational communion, a sect among sects.

And still a catholic church remains forever the true ecclesiastical ideal. Sectarianism is the bane of religion, — I mean, institutional religion. Differences of opinion on questions of theology there must and will be so long as the meddling, inquisitive, pertinacious understanding persists to peer and pry into the awful mysteries of the Spirit. In accordance with these differences let there be schools of dogmatic theology, as many as you please. But the church should not be a school of dogmatic theology; it should be a school of practical Christianity, inspired, expounded, and enforced by the pulpit. I can conceive of a church which should be so undogmatic, so unpolemic, as to command the respect, engage the interest, and secure the co-operation of all who care less for the prevalence of their

specialty than they do for the maintenance of public worship.

Meanwhile the Independent Congregational is the form of ecclesiastical polity most consonant with our political institutions. There might, I conceive, be a union of such bodies for the common cause, without prejudice to the independence of each. The West Church is such a body, an Independent Congregational society. May it ever remain such; and if topographical exigency shall compel its migration to another quarter of the city where the term WEST would no longer express its locality, may it carry thither its traditional independence.

The edifice in which we are assembled, though less than a hundred years old, is yet one of the oldest in the city among those which are still used for public worship. It was builded in a time when churches were constructed with a view to practical convenience rather than architectural display; before Gothic anachronisms, exotic models, and ambitious devices had supplanted the indigenous type of the old New England meeting-house. No superfluous columns, no groinings, no arches with their sprandrels here obstruct the continuous undulation of sound. No stained glass creates an artificial gloom, making the entrance to the sanctuary like the entrance to a crypt. Abundance of light, natural as well as spiritual, the worshippers here enjoy.

Older by seventy years than this present place of its devotions, the West Church now celebrates its

hundred and fiftieth birthday. One hundred and fifty years seem a long period for a short-lived mortal to look back upon, but it counts for very little in the history of a city; and the history of a city counts for very little in the geologic annals of the globe; and the globe itself is but a transient phase in the ever proceeding evolution of being. Past and future, — all tenses are merged in that one stupendous aorist. But even in human life there are things for which time has no measure and no bound; there are values which no date can determine. Every holy aspiration kindled at this altar, every heart-born prayer that has gone up from pulpit or pew, every impulse to a better life, every moral victory won by ministration of the Word within these walls is immortal. These things are of and in the Spirit that inhabits eternity.

And this I hold to be the true function of a church, — to bear witness of the Spirit, to maintain the Spirit, to diffuse the Spirit, to procure for it an abundant entrance into the heart and the life. Only as it serves that function has the church any right to its place in the crowded streets of a city. If it fails of that end, why cumbereth it the ground?

Dr. Bartol: I am sorry to have to say that Dr. Park, from whom I have received more or less recently very affectionate and sympathetic letters, and whom I specially desired to represent here his own position in the theological world, is, to his sorrow and to mine, prevented by severe illness, though I trust not dangerous, from even

being present. I have also received a letter from Rev. Robert Lowell, a son of Dr. Charles Lowell, and an Episcopal clergyman in Schenectady, N. Y., abounding in the same affectionate expressions; one also from Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter, who has taken a severe cold, so that his voice does not amount to a whisper. These letters, and a multitude of others from men and women, so abound in expressions of personal good-will and approbation to your humble servant, that I must beg to be excused from reading them on the present occasion.

HYMN.

From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know;
And, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only Parent now adore.

On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

See how, along the immortal meads,
His glorious host the Saviour leads!
And brings the myriads none can count,
To seats of joy on Zion's Mount.

Dr. Bartol: Those who are accustomed to attend on the ministrations of this church will bear me witness that the Commonwealth is a common term and designation for both the State and the Church, — for the Commonwealth of Israel as well as the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and I have the honor to introduce to you His Excellency Oliver Ames, Governor of the Commonwealth.

ADDRESS OF HON. OLIVER AMES,

Governor of Massachusetts.

It gives me peculiar pleasure to be here to-day, and to bring to this ancient and historic church the greetings of the Commonwealth, and to extend her salutations to its venerable minister. Massachusetts owes much of her greatness to the fact that the church was the principal foundation of her political structure. The laws under which our Forefathers lived were based on dogmas which were a necessity for them. We who are enjoying the fruits of their labor and devotion, and know how well they wrought, seek to honor them by giving practical interpretation to that for which they labored; but we could not, at this time, be hampered by the peculiar statutes which were so vital to them.

The people of these days are but little familiar with the close relation of Church and State in the earlier portion of Massachusetts history. To illustrate this, I will read from Article III., Part First, of the Constitution, which was adopted in June,

1780, and continued in force until it was amended in November, 1833: —

"As the happiness of a people and the good order and preservation of civil government essentially depend upon piety, religion, and morality; and as these cannot be generally diffused through a community but by the institution of the public worship of God and of public instructions in piety, religion, and morality, — therefore, to promote their happiness and to secure the good order and preservation of their government, the people of this Commonwealth have a right to invest their legislature with power to authorize and require, and the legislature shall from time to time authorize and require, the several towns, parishes, precincts, and other bodies, politic or religious societies, to make suitable provision at their own expense for the institution of the public worship of God, and for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality, in all cases where such provision shall not be made voluntarily.

"And the people of this Commonwealth have also a right to, and do, invest their legislature with authority to enjoin upon all the subjects an attendance upon the instructions of the public teachers aforesaid, at stated times and seasons, if there be any on whose instructions they can conscientiously and conveniently attend."

Notwithstanding the changes in the fundamental laws of the Commonwealth, the Church is to-day as much of a power in society as it ever was. It no longer speaks by the authority of the State, but its influence can and does reach the people in a thousand ways for their good. And that it does so is due to the fact that there are such men in the

pulpit, as our venerable friend who has been your guide and leader for half a century. Although Dr. Bartol preaches to a small congregation within these walls, yet when he speaks he addresses through the press that larger audience, the nation. There is no need of spoken words of eulogy on my part in an audience like this, where all know his marked ability, the originality of his utterances, his boldness and frankness on all occasions, his noble impulses and generous sympathies. During his long and conspicuous service in this community, he has always been true to his convictions, and has never failed to stand up to be counted for the right. Faithful minister, loyal friend, independent preacher, and model citizen, may he live long to instruct and inspire us; for such a man as he is one of the most precious jewels of humanity!

Dr. Bartol: I now am very glad to introduce to you my dear brother, connected by blood as by old fellowship with the members of this church, — Dr. George E. Ellis, President of the Historical Society.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D., L.L.D.

President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

All the old churches of Boston, — those whose life, like that of this church, covers a century and a half of years, — have, each of them, some special point in their history of more or less vital interest

in the annals of the town, the State, and even of the whole nation. Sometimes the point of interest is the single church itself, as an institution, — like that of the First Church, planted in this wilderness two hundred and fifty-six years ago. In other cases it may relate to the personality of some one of its pastors, conspicuous, eminent, and influential for opinions held by him, for strong independence of position, and for his contributions by the pen in advance of some great cause.

A grand illustration of the historic interest attaching to an old church from the personality and public service of one of its pastors is furnished in Jonathan Mayhew, the second pastor of this West Church. He was of a sturdy and godly stock, transplanted from the Old England to the New in our first age. The founder of the family here was the first English settler at Martha's Vineyard, living there to an advanced old age as its magistrate. He preceded Eliot as a missionary to the Indians, then counted as five thousand on the island. Six members of the family, including the father of Jonathan, gave their lives to that dismal service. Jonathan, endowed with mental powers and high ambition, toiled for his own education, and graduated from Harvard in 1744, at the age of twenty-four. His ministry here, beginning in 1747, was of less than a score of years, as he died in comparative youth at the age of forty-six, in 1767. But that period of service was crowded, full and fruitful, with eminent and

varied work of heart and intellect. His parish, graded in the town as third in rank in qualities which are thus estimated, was second to no other in the characters and social distinctions of its members. They were men who could well appreciate the talents and nobleness of their minister, and were proud in rallying to his support amid the buffetings to which his independence of spirit and thought subjected him. They bore such names as these in the old Boston of that day, not yet lost out of honored use among us, — Chief Justice Sewall, Judge Robert Treat Paine, Edmund Quincy, Harrison Gray, Harrison Gray Otis, with Clarks, Eliots, Walleys, Bradfords, Mackays, Watts, Fletcher, Tilden, Avery, Wells, Gay, etc. His closest intimates, indicating his place on the rôle of our grandest patriotism, were Sam Adams, James Otis, James Bowdoin, Judge Paine, Professor Winthrop of Harvard, etc.

There are three great subjects of far more than local, extending even to general and national, interest on which a curious and searching inquirer in the springs of historical development will need to engage his thought with this West Church, and with the potent agency of its pastor, Jonathan Mayhew. Only those well read in the social and religious history of this community, and skilled in tracing the slow enlargement and liberalizing of opinions and beliefs, know how firm was the grip of the old Orthodoxy here, and how reluctantly

and stingily it yielded its sway. The metaphysical triplicity of the Godhead and the Calvinistic interpretation of the scheme of revealed religion had a supreme hold on belief and religious ministrations. Only, I will not say inch by inch, but by hair's breadths, has it yielded to free, clear, strong, independent exercises of individual minds in protest and rejection. Each step of advance has been a crisis and a struggle. In our day we see the hill of Andover exercised by it, and the sands of Princeton will inevitably yield to it. There has never been a backward return or recovery in that course. And Jonathan Mayhew was the noble pioneer here. He stood for the rights of reason, that men might have solemn and august sanctities for their reverence, and not be ashamed of the God whom they worshipped. He stood for the duty of looking heavenward, with a view cleared of all the murkiness and sombreness of the benighted creeds of human superstition.

Again, during his ministry here the first tokens of the coming revolt and rupture of these colonies for independence of the mother-country were obvious to men of forecast and sagacity. The baptism of patriotism was to become a sacred office for church and home. Mayhew died before the storm broke, but he knew it was near. His warnings came in two distinct forms of high service. A scheme had been earnestly pressed, both here and in England, for the introduction into the colonies

of English bishops as co-workers with English governors, just at the crisis when Throne and Parliament were threatening our civil liberties. Those English bishops were not then of the harmless sort known among us. They were lords temporal as well as spiritual. It is noteworthy that Episcopalians in the middle and southern colonies were as much opposed to the introduction of English bishops as were the Congregationalists of New England. Not a single one of those prelates ever had jurisdiction or pressed his foot on our national domain. That this was so was due more to the protest, the warnings, the strong, able, and patriotic pen of Mayhew, than to all other agencies. He had the full learning, scholarship, statesmanship, zeal, and skill for successful championship, though Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, tried fencings with him. If, as some thought, Mayhew was too intense and severe against Episcopacy, the wrong was adjusted by his grandson, Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, rector of Trinity in this city, and afterwards Bishop of New York.

The other high, patriotic service of Mayhew, which the historian must note is that he, if not the first to propose, was independent of all others in suggesting, a combination of the colonies, — answering, as he said, to "the communion of the churches," — for mutual sympathy, help, and activity. While the British Army held mastery of this town, and Washington was besieging it from the hills

around, the soldiers occupied as a barrack the wooden edifice which preceded this. For fear that some sly patriot might use the spire for signalling to friends outside, after the example of Paul Revere's lantern in the North Church, the British tore down the spire. But the mischief had been already done inside the church. The lantern had been hanging in the pulpit for many years; and patriots like Sam Adams, James Otis, and Paine had interpreted and answered the signal.

The advocacy of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, with the duties of patriotism and virtue which they impose, found able successors to Mayhew, in this pulpit, in the gentle but earnest Howard and in the saintly Lowell. For never did a more saintly form pass through the streets of this city than the revered Charles Lowell. It happened to me that on an exchange of pulpits with your old minister, on a communion Sunday, as I entered the pulpit a note was handed to me communicating information of the death, between services, of Dr. Lowell, at his home in Cambridge. He was reduced by infirmities, and the translation to the other life must have been welcome to him. I esteemed it a precious privilege to perform the duty asked of me, in announcing his death to his own flock.

As for more than fifty years I have had a pleasant friendship with your much-loved minister, and enjoyed in his utterances and writings the rich exuberance of his genius, the novelty, vigor, piquancy,

THE WEST CHURCH, 1775.

From a Sketch taken during the Battle of Bunker Hill by an Officer of the British Staff.

The wooden church built in 1736, in 1775 used as a barrack and the steeple razed, was replaced by the present structure in 1806.

and glow of his outpourings, I have long been convinced that he has in him what we call "a crack," and a large one too; — not, however, a crack for letting out anything that belongs to a healthful, complete, and well-furnished brain, but for letting in floods of the wealth of fine imaginings, fancies, and enriching thoughts, radiant and sparkling gleams of a clear and oracular wisdom. I feel, sometimes, as if there was a little trouble about the syntax and grammar; but it all comes out right, and admits of being parsed. What in the top surface of most of us is hard skull seems in him to be crystal windows, through which must have first entered the beams that flash out upon us. I will venture to say to you, his parishioners, that the observances of this day will not be complete till you have taken measures to provide for posterity a fine painting of Dr. Bartol, as he stands preaching in the pulpit, with his white locks as a substitute for scholarly or priestly robes.

Dr. Bartol: The double parentage of his own dear home and of this dear church has given to letters, to society, to his country, to his kind, a man, who honored throughout the world, some of us are allowed the privilege still to call James, — James Russell Lowell. Where his father's voice was heard so often, it is meet that the son's voice should be heard.

ADDRESS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, D.C.L., LL.D.

I AM sorry, Mr. President, for your last allusion to the voice of my father. It should certainly produce an impression of disappointment on all those who hear mine and who heard that. I remember that Ralph Waldo Emerson once said to me, speaking of that scene in the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers which was referred to by Dr. Hedge, that my father was the most eloquent extemporaneous speaker he had ever heard; and when I remember my father's vividness of temperament, I can well believe it. I wish I had inherited something of that quality, something of that pleasure which he certainly took in speaking, and which showed therefore that it was a natural gift. Not having had that good fortune, I can at least emulate one charm of his speaking, which was his brevity.

Had I declined the invitation to speak here today, which I willingly would have done under other circumstances, I should feel that I had neglected an imperative duty. I come here to discharge both a personal and filial debt. I should have been guilty of a twofold breach of the obligation of gratitude recalled to my mind by this occasion, — first, to the parish with which my honored father was united for fifty-five years by ties of mutual respect and affection that only grew closer and stronger, and whose delicate generosity to him his children can

never forget; secondly, a debt to his associate pastor, whom my father loved from the first, and who returned that love with a truly filial loyalty and tenderness. It was a relation, as you will all understand, of almost tremulous difficulty and delicacy, with pitfalls in every direction; and yet never did a doubt, never did a suspicion, never did a jealousy or mistrust disturb it. I think that a relation like this argues a certain benign nobleness of character on both sides; and in this world of change, this world of imperfect sympathies, which cause so much needless pain, it is surely refreshing to look back upon a partnership so perfect as this was.

I well remember the day, fifty years ago, when Dr. Bartol was ordained here. I was then a Junior in college. I remember the impression made upon me especially upon that day, though I had perceived it also before, by Dr. Bartol's face, — the glow of enthusiasm tempered by sweetness that illumined it; a glow which I am glad to say I still see there; a glow which argues that the enthusiasm of early life has not faded. And this persistence, this truth, this fidelity to the dreams of one's youth, if it be not the better part of genius, is certainly of the same indefinable and precious essence. This church has been very fortunate in its ministers, — men venerable for their piety, or full of that sweet attractive kind of grace that springs from beauty of personal character. I think that you have never been more fortunate than in your present clergyman.

About the time that Dr. Bartol was settled, I think it must have been, the edition of McCulloch's Gazetteer, which was then recent, in speaking of Boston, described it as "Boston, the capital of all New England, and, until lately, of all the United States, is situated" so and so. There have been marvellous changes since that time, — changes, perhaps, which strike me as much as they can anybody. For by my good fortune in being a clergyman's son, and in being the youngest son, I used to be taken by my father on his exchanges, which extended, I remember, as far as Portsmouth on the east and Northampton on the west. He always drove in his own chaise. I can conceive of nothing more delightful than those slow summer journeys through leafy lanes and over the stony hills, where we always got out and walked; for he quoted to me, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." In that way I think I gained a more intimate relation with what we may call pristine New England than has fallen to the fortune of most men of my age. I have always been grateful for it, and consider it one of my most fortunate possessions. Certainly, one born as long ago as I, who looks about him, sees a very different world. The world then was less complex; it was less hurried. It was more constantly guided by the pieties of household tradition, and the family hearthstone was less migratory. Life was perhaps more austere; but that austereness was founded upon strength of character and strength of convic-

tion, and imposed also a wholesome discipline of self-restraint. Perhaps the world that one sees now is not so picturesque in many ways as that was; certainly in many ways it is not so poetic. But yet as I look back I cannot help feeling that I am living in a better world now, — better in many respects, at least, — where, though the contrasts of wealth and poverty are vastly more sharp, yet the general well-being and the number of people who are happy and comfortable is far greater relatively than then.

But when I look round here upon everything so unchanged, — when I see that pulpit, which I remember I once thought to be the highest effort of human skill in the way of architecture, — I cannot help feeling how many are the changes which have taken place. As I look about the church I recall so vividly the faces and heads that I used to see here, when, standing on a cricket, I was able to peer over the edge of the opposite pew and take a survey of the church during the singing of the hymn. I remember on this side of the aisle (and as my immediate connection with the church as an attendant here ceased more than sixty years ago, when I was sent to a boarding-school, the picture is no less interesting to me than it is vivid) that I saw Mr. T. K. Jones, who still wore powder (and there were a great many queues, I remember, in the church), Mr. Andrew Cunningham, Mr. Denny (these were all in my immediate neighborhood, for I could not see those in the farther corners of the church), Mr. Caleb

Loring, and his son — surely one of the best men I have ever known — Mr. Charles G. Loring; and opposite was the erect and stalwart figure of Capt. Ozias Goodwin, who had commanded an American ship when an American ship might have need to defend herself, and when we had American ships. And then there was Mr. Bailey. I remember looking at him with some wonder as a Democrat, for a Democrat then to me was rather a terrible personage. He always joined his bass with the singing. All these recollections come very freshly back to me as I stand here. But I find one thing, at any rate, which has not changed; and that is the character of the church in which I am speaking. It is still a church, so far as I can understand, after my father's own heart, who would never allow himself to be called anything but a Christian. It is a church in which no confession of faith is required, but a certain unity in good works and in good thoughts and in charity, which I hope will always endure here.

As I sat opposite the portrait of Dr. Mayhew I was tempted to say a word of him; but it has all been so excellently said by Dr. Ellis that I shall only allude to a single point, which he overlooked, and which has particularly interested me; and that is, that if I were to select a person who represented what culture could be obtained in New England at the middle of the last century, I should have chosen Jonathan Mayhew. Anybody who reads Mayhew's sermons, as I formerly did, will find in him a man

quite the match of persons standing in the same position on the other side of the Atlantic. I mean quite their match in general attainment and in style; but he will find more than their match, sometimes, in the wit and the wisdom of Mayhew. He is also full of striking sayings. I remember one or two, — one in which he almost forestalled those famous lines of our poet Bryant about "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." He says that we can never say (I am not quoting his exact words, but as nearly as I remember them) that a truth ever dies and revives like the fabled Phœnix, but that it flourishes rather in a perpetual youth; and he adds that no falsehood, though it be a thousand years old and embalmed in a creed, ceases to be a lie for that. His explanation, also, of why Solomon's Song is admitted among the canonical books and why the Wisdom of Solomon was excluded therefrom always struck me as having a certain humor in it. He said, when asked what reason he could give for it, that he did not know, unless it was that people generally preferred songs to wisdom. I could not help thinking that it was very appropriate that the Governor should honor us with his presence here to-day, with Mayhew's portrait hanging where it does; for, as Dr. Ellis has told you and as it has often struck me, this church has a link, and a close link, not only with the history of Boston and the history of Massachusetts, but with the whole country through him.

It has been a great pleasure to me to stand here for a few minutes to-day; and I now am glad, also, to make way for others who are better entitled than I am to occupy your time.

DR. GEORGE E. ELLIS: Will you please allow me to rectify a little error in Dr. Hedge's address? He inadvertently stated that Dr. Charles Lowell's noble stand for independence was made in the Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, which is not correct. That was a very small body of thirty members. The large majority of that body had always been on the liberal side, and no contest of that kind ever came there. It was in the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers, which embraces the whole State.

DUET. "O Lovely Peace!" — "Judas Maccabæus" . *Handel*

DR. BARTOL: There is one present with us to-day whose doctrine, well known, of universal salvation certainly does not include any license to sinners. Let me introduce Dr. Miner.

ADDRESS OF REV. A. A. MINER, D.D.

SENECA says there is a wide difference between a common and a particular obligation. He who contributes money to our country lays us under general obligation. So far did Plato carry this doctrine that he refused to acknowledge himself indebted to a ferryman who had rowed him over the river and refused his money, because he found the ferryman treated everybody in the same way.

I have come here, Christian friends, gratefully to acknowledge with you the common debt of gratitude and reverence to this church and its present venerable pastor; and if my friend will excuse me, I will ask leave to add, — my personal, particular obligation.

Coming to Boston and entering upon a pastorate nearly forty years ago, I was permitted to spend the first twenty-two of those years almost under the droppings of this sanctuary. How much I am indebted to that fact I do not know. I enjoyed for the first four years sweet and cordial communion, the counsel and kind fatherly care and undoubted learning of the venerable Hosea Ballou, an intimate friend of the then senior pastor of this church, Dr. Lowell. And when my venerable senior had passed on, I felt that I was still blessed with the example of Dr. Lowell and his associate, Dr. Bartol, who for thirteen years from my coming to the neighborhood had been associated with Dr. Lowell, as I was with Mr. Ballou. It was whispered in my ear by a Boston pastor, now gone to his rest, who had tried the experiment of a colleague without success, that somehow it seemed that a curse always rested upon such relationships. There have certainly been two exceptions to this in the city of Boston. And for this I tender personal thanks in some measure for one of those examples to your venerable pastor.

Allow me to express a still further personal obli-

gation to your pastor, and to this church throughout its whole history. It has been from the beginning an independent church. I grant you there is truth in the old proverb, "In union is strength;" but there sometimes arise parties dividing the whole community both in politics and religion from both of which it is a Christian duty to separate one's self. I believe that condition of affairs existed when this church became an independent church. Nor can I forget that the venerable Dr. Mayhew — whose praises have been so properly sung this afternoon as far beyond his fellows, surpassing them not only in brilliancy, in eloquence, but shall I say in patriotism, also in theological discernment, in the recognition of the glory of the divine character — saw not only the unity of God clearly, but the all-embracing, effective love of God in a common destiny for the race. He had not been gone from this place four years when John Murray landed upon these shores, and when organic Universalism in the United States of America began to be known. And if the brightest star in Dr. Mayhew's crown of glory became obscured for a time, — about which I do not know, — I am thankful that it has shone forth again in these latter days in the ministry of the present pastor, and I doubt not of his immediate predecessor. I am thankful, although it might be assumed in a general way that the point of time must have long since elapsed when independence was necessary, and union with somebody might possibly be useful,

— I am thankful, I say, and still take the liberty to rejoice that no such union took place; that the West Church has continued its independence up to the present time.

This parish has ever maintained in its pulpit a free lance. Many a duty has been emphasized, many an error exposed, many a folly shamed, by the quaint, piercing, searching, eloquent, fearless assaults of the venerable pastor of this church. As I stand in his presence and remember that five decades measure his personal ministry here, while I cannot claim even four, and think that he is pastor over a church whose history covers seven score years and ten, I can but come with something of filial as well as fraternal reverence to this occasion; and I take great pleasure in congratulating this pastor and this church on what they have in their labors already achieved. Allow me to add that I think that this church has ever maintained what seems to me valuable truth,—that the divine word is so adapted to the free human understanding, that in the long run, assuming immortality for truth on the one hand, and immortality for man on the other hand, they must go together; and that both for this world and for all worlds is salvation.

Dr. Bartol: The next name on the programme is that of Rev. Robert T. S. Lowell, D.D., a minister in New York State, and son of Dr. Charles Lowell. I am sorry that he is not here. I may be pardoned if I tell one anecdote about Robert after he became an Episcopal clergyman. I recall one occasion in the old mansion when I went to see my dear friend and colleague Dr. Lowell, that I found

him and Robert together. I think the young man had just received orders. I said to Dr. Lowell, "Robert won't put us out?" The Dr., with a wit and humor which have descended, said, "We'll put him out!" Presently Robert very modestly left the room, and the father said, "That is a lovely young man."

We have here a friend from the East. I believe the voice of the sunrise has a word for the Occident. Let me introduce the Brahmin, Babu Mohini M. Chatterji.

ADDRESS OF BABU MOHINI.

It affords me very great pleasure to have this opportunity of saluting a body of men, brothers and Christians, in the name of the God who is the one God, no matter under how many different names and different forms he may be worshipped; the God who is the Father of all men, in whom we live and move and have our being.

This occasion affords me a very peculiar pleasure. In the home of my childhood there was a book called "The Precepts of Jesus: Guide to Peace and Happiness." This book was written by an ancestor of mine. The great misunderstanding and misconception of the Christian faith that prevails in our country had given me such a false opinion of Christianity that I thought it would be a perfectly profitless thing to read this book. I thought it might have something to do with questions of morality, about which there is little difference, but nothing of what we look upon as religion.

I take great pleasure in being now able to say that since that time I have found out by my own study of the Christian scriptures that what I was in the habit of believing was Christianity is nothing more or less than the opinions of men taught as doctrines. This is the first time that I have ever had the opportunity of making this statement. When I came to study the Scriptures myself, the first thing that struck me forcibly was this, — that in spite of all differences of opinion among men the truth of God is everywhere the same. It is everywhere, in every religion, the same. The same promise of eternal salvation is held out to men. Eternal salvation, Jesus himself has declared, is to know the true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. This is the great link between finite man and the other pole of his being, the infinite God. I also find that the method proposed in the New Testament for the salvation of men is precisely that which is to be found in our own Scriptures; that is, by loving God with all your heart, with all your mind, and with all your strength, and your neighbor as yourself. Do this, and you shall live.

Then there is a great personal feeling of gratitude which I feel toward the Christian scriptures. With all my study of our own Scriptures I found that the path of philosophy which our ancestors trod was so difficult for the majority of mankind to enter upon that it was with great fear, and very often with misgiving, that my own hope of eternal

salvation rested in my breast. But when I studied the Christian scriptures I found that these things which present such great difficulties in the comprehension of the older Scriptures, the Scriptures of our race, have been made as direct, as unambiguous, as unmistakable, and as simple as it is possible to make them. To me that is the proof of the divine mission of Christianity. In our country serious, elaborate, and complicated study is necessary for the interpretation of our Scriptures readily. What struck me as being peculiar in the Christian religion was that it seems meant for large masses of mankind; and this carries with it the unmistakable proof of its divine origin. The method of the New Testament is so simple that it is as if it were adapted for little children. We should approach it in reverence, as a little child approaches its mother to get information. A man who has pursued the paths of philosophy can have salvation, but there is no man on earth who need be without salvation if he desires it. In reading the New Testament my doubts and difficulties disappeared.

There is another reason why I have a personal pleasure in being here. Fifty-four years ago, four years before Dr. Bartol began his ministry here, an ancestor of mine died in Bristol, England, surrounded by Christians who believed in the unity of God. Therefore it is to me a matter of delight that I have this opportunity of addressing you as men, as brothers, and as Christians.

HYMN FOR THE OCCASION . . . . *By Miss Mary Bartol*

Read by REV. LOAMMI G. WARE.

THE VANISHED YEARS.

Down the dim aisles of vanished years
  Advancing messengers I see.
They bear the past, with vague arrears,
  And rouse from sleep my memory.

The Patriarch witnessed in his dream
  Seraphic shapes on heaven's bright stairs;
Some hiding half in glory's gleam,
  Some flitting downward to earth's cares.

And angels now are floating by,
  Each from his own diviner sphere;
A few are mounting to the sky,
  A few are waiting with us here.

A century and fifty years
  Have shed their winter and their May;
Yet spirit lives, time disappears
  In light unlimited by day.

ANTHEM, "Gloria" . . . . . *Mozart's 12th Mass.*

DR. BARTOL: Before that division in the Congregational body which has been referred to once and again this afternoon, the West Church minister and the minister of the Old South were in the habit of exchanging. Indeed, the line was drawn just at that point. Mr. Wisner, being about to be settled in the Old South, requested Charles Lowell to give him the right hand of fellowship. He was to give it; but in the council a motion was made to set aside that wish of Mr. Wisner. Dr. Osgood of Medford, an

eccentric but excellent clergyman, and friend of Dr. Lowell, said, "I won't put the motion;" but it was put, and the exclusion was made, and the exchanges ceased. Brother Gordon and I have exchanged a good many right-hands of fellowship; and certainly on the compass the west is not diametrically opposed to the south. There is only a quadrant's difference. I don't believe there is any in spirit. Will Mr. Gordon speak to us?

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE A. GORDON.

PASTOR OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

I WAS going to say that I had a sort of ecclesiastical right to be present at this commemoration. One of the ministers of the Old South was present when this church was founded. After prayers and preaching, in the presence of Thomas Prince, pastor of the Old South, the seventeen original members of this church signed the covenant; and then at the ordination of the first pastor of the church both ministers of the Old South were present, Dr. Sewall and Rev. Mr. Prince; and Mr. Prince gave the right hand of fellowship. Afterward, when the society of the West Church contemplated erecting this building in which we are assembled to-day, the Old South, among other churches in the city, offered the use of its meeting-house to the West Church in a series of resolutions which are delightful reading as an expression of courtesy and deep fraternal feeling; and though the invitation was not accepted, the motive of it was appreciated, and in the me-

morial discourse of Dr. Lowell these resolutions of the Old South Society are appended as an example of the feeling prevalent among all the churches. And, further, Rev. Dr. Lowell of this church and Rev. Dr. Eckley of the Old South Church were long and fast and earnest friends.

I am very glad to testify to my personal interest in the long pastorate commemorated by us to-day. Fifty years of continuous service in one pulpit by one man is of itself a phenomenon. And when we add to the element of time the elements of insight and brilliancy and pure sympathy and beneficent influence which have characterized this pastorate, I think we shall all agree that it is worthy of honor and honorable commemoration. I would not imply, in dwelling upon the long pastorate, that your pastor is an old man. I think that he ought indignantly to repel that insinuation or imputation, judging from the vigor and pungency and timeliness of the utterances which appear from this pulpit in the press from time to time. You remember that when the patriarch Jacob was introduced to the Egyptian king, Pharaoh asked him how old he was, implying that he was a very old man ; and the patriarch replied, " The days of the years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." That was a very roundabout and courtly way of

saying: "I beg your Majesty's pardon, I am not an old man yet." And I think that Dr. Bartol ought to make the same stout resistance to the imputation. I am sure he would do it in the same gracious and benignant manner.

One of the best introductions that one can have to anybody is obtained to your pastor through the helpful and beautiful relationship which he sustained to one of the greatest men that this country has ever produced, — Horace Bushnell. In all that eventful and strenuous and magnificent life, your pastor was a most helpful friend; and no one can read the book and admire the life without a feeling of gratitude to your minister. The text that I have oftenest thought of in connection with your minister is this: "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." I suppose that if he were to formulate his religious philosophy, and put it into a creed, the letter of the creed would kill me; but I am sure that the spirit of it would make me alive, and that across the chasm of dogmatic difference we should be able, as he has so pleasantly said to me in introducing me, to clasp hands in earnest Christian fellowship.

Dr. Bartol: Perhaps one of the pleasantest circumstances in connection with this anniversary, to my own mind, is the presence here of my old college-mate of almost sixty years ago, who was afterwards president of Roberts College, Constantinople, and who rendered great services there both in giving the bread of life, as he understands it,

and I know not how many other tons of other bread to the bodily hunger of men in troublous times, in that far, far off region. Will not Dr. Cyrus Hamlin say a word ?

ADDRESS OF CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

These exercises, Christian friends, would hardly close appropriately without some reference to Dr. Bartol's college life. And such have been the mutations of time that I am the only college friend remaining who could appear here to-day and speak of him as he was in Bowdoin College fifty-seven years ago. When I first knew him he was Junior, and I Freshman. He was Unitarian, and I Orthodox. He was refined, polished, perfect; I was rough from the silversmith's and jeweller's shop, fighting my way as best I could. And yet through the kindness and gentleness of his heart, and perhaps through some occult affinity, we became friends at once, and have remained so across the track of fifty-seven years. I wish here to say that no student of Bowdoin College ever made Dr. Bartol's friendship who has not valued it somewhat as I have through life. I belonged to the same literary society with him; and at the close of his Junior year we elected him president of the society. That was a college honor bestowed by the votes of students upon character and scholarship, and Bartol had no peer that could for a moment contest that honor with him at that time. I remember well, at

the close of his presidency, the farewell address that he gave. It was a gem, awakening universal admiration; or rather it was a collection of gems, evincing that wonderful aptitude which he has always had of choice and remarkable expression, and penetrating piercing thought. Dr. Bartol's religious character was known to all men in the college. It was so refined, so pure, I might almost say so saintly, that nothing gross or profane was ever associated with him. I don't mean simply that nothing of that kind ever came from him; nothing of that kind ever approached him or could approach him. I must not trespass upon your time; but in addition to all the high testimonies that have here been given of Dr. Bartol's remarkable characteristics and character and work, I wish to say, as his college friend, having known him intimately, that his college life had the potency and promise of all that he has been and is.

DR. BARTOL: I am very grateful to you for sitting and standing so long, and I wish only to say that our friend Robert Collyer has come here all the way from New York, and I want him to say a word.

ADDRESS OF REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

I FELT so good, sir, when I got the invitation from the West Church, and all the way to Boston, and all last night so long as I was awake, and all this forenoon, and all this afternoon, because I felt sure

that I should not have to say one word. The programme was filled so completely, everything was so exactly as it ought to be, that I just waited for the benediction, that, after we had that, then we could go home singing "Hallelujah!" Well, so it is; and on the whole I am rather glad that I have to say just one word, after all, because Brother Bartol was one of my earliest friends as he has been one of my dearest friends in Boston. I did not have to hunt him up; he hunted me up. I did not have to say, "I am glad to see you," or anything of that sort: he said it all. And his home, in those dear old times, when the saint who is now with God was with him, was one of my other homes; and I can never forget all the kindness of those old times. I don't know whether we can quite understand what these fifty years have been, if we don't understand something about the way No. 17 Chestnut Street, in Boston, has opened its door to every sort of wandering Christian under the sun, and made them welcome, made them feel that very likely they were somebody after all, — made them feel they would like to be somebody, anyhow; made them go far and wide with a glow in their heart caught from that hearthstone on Chestnut Street. Forevermore, as long as I live, when I think of Chestnut Street there will only be one house in it, and that will be No. 17.

I was thinking of what a grand thing it was to have a man living in a town like Boston fifty years, where such a man is needed you know, who will

stand stanch by his duty as a good householder as well as a good minister and a good citizen, keep his sidewalk clean, pay his taxes, do everything you look for a man to do through fifty years. Think of that. And I have known him almost twenty-five, and I have never heard this man — I was thinking of that as we sat together — say bad words about the weather or other things that we are forever growling about. I don't think that Brother Bartol knows what bad weather is. I think if he turns out in a morning into a great northeast storm, he will say, "What a splendid northeaster!" and for a man in Boston to say that, you know, is a mark of no slight grace; and if it is a grand big blizzard, blowing out of the north, he will open his eyes, and say, "I never saw such a blizzard!" and so on right through summer and winter. There is another thing I was thinking, too, — been thinking of lots of things besides what you dear men have said; Brother Briggs and myself have been talking them over. Our friend here is one of those ministers who can buy a piece of land, and go and view it, and never neglect the Lord's table, and say, "I bought a piece of land, and therefore I cannot come." He has taken care of that land: they say he has made money out of it, — one of the very few ministers that ever do that. But if he has, I congratulate him; for no man ever did deserve better in the ministry — there may be some laymen. But what I like is, I never have had the slightest reason to think for an instant that he

neglected any grand duty, or any little, tiny, tender duty, looking after his land, taking care of his church, taking care of his home, taking care of his city, taking care of his Commonwealth, taking care of the governors, some people who wanted to be governors, and so on, right straight through. Dear Brother Bartol, let 's shake hands !

Deacon Thomas Gaffield read a letter from Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, introducing it with the following words : "The modesty of our good pastor prevented him from reading this letter, and almost prevented our committee from performing this pleasant service, which is due alike to Dr. Bartol for its loving words, and to Rev. Mr. Moxom for its noble sentiments of Christian fellowship and liberality. As a worshipper for nearly threescore years in this old-fashioned but still very dear West Church, I know that I voice the feeling of all — old, middle-aged, and young — who have enjoyed the wise and loving ministrations of our present pastor, when I say that, while we revere and are proud of the memory of Mayhew, Howard, and Lowell, at whose feet I first sat, no syllable has been uttered on this his and our day of jubilee and laurels, — this golden wedding of pastor and people, — and no letter has been written which can express too strongly our appreciation of the word and work of him who has followed in this illustrious line, and who for fifty years has been so true and faithful to his church, his country, and himself."

Mr. Gaffield then read Mr. Moxom's letter.

3 Berwick Park, Boston, Feb. 19, 1887.

My dear Dr. Bartol, — When you so courteously invited me to attend the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your church, and the fiftieth anniversary of your own pastorate, I welcomed the

invitation gladly, and thought there would be no serious difficulty in accepting it. But I must be in Cleveland that week, and I find that I cannot leave Boston earlier than 7 P. M. on that day if I attend your service. As I must return to Boston on Friday, it will be necessary for me, in order to fill my engagements in Cleveland, to leave Boston earlier than 7 P. M. Tuesday. I greatly regret this, for I have been anticipating with great pleasure a share in the gladness of your remarkable anniversary. It is a remarkable thing that a man should celebrate the jubilee year of one continuous pastorate.

This fact alone is sufficient to call for warmest congratulations. But what a pastorate yours has been in Boston, the American city of cities, through such a period of our history as a people!

And still more, what favor of a kind Providence has been yours to do such work as you have been permitted to do, to have such co-laborers as you have had, and to preserve so completely as you have done the freshness and vigor and youthfulness of mind!

How lightly the years have touched your intellect and heart!

For you and with you I thank God, while I congratulate you and your people on this doubly significant anniversary. Holding myself, nay, let me say "being held," in warm sympathy with every body of Christians and every type of sincere ethical and spiritual thought, I should have counted it an honor to be permitted to express, in person and by the living voice, something of the hearty good-will which I feel to you, and thus to bear my tribute to your character and years and work.

May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ richly bless you and your flock to-day as you receive words of congratulation and love from your multitudinous friends! Surely, if all who have received mental and spiritual quickening from your spoken or published thought were to send in their testimonies of appreciation and gratitude to-day, there would neither be time nor space to receive them. With very great regard, I am yours,

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

To REV. C. A. BARTOL, D.D., BOSTON.

In asking Dr. Phillips Brooks to pronounce the benediction, Dr. Bartol referred to Rev. William Hooper, the first minister of the West Church, who afterward joined the Episcopal Church, going to England for Episcopal ordination. He returned to this city, and became minister of Trinity Church. "So that," said Dr. Bartol, "Dr. Brooks and myself have a common — I do not know that he ever thought of it — ecclesiastical ancestor. I wanted Dr. Brooks to come here, because I thought he would be willing that a poor relation might knock for charity at his door. He shall give us, in his own phrase and fashion, and at more or less length, the benediction."

Dr. Brooks then pronounced the benediction.

The Tidings.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL.

Preached March 6, 1887.

C. A. Bartol

THE TIDINGS.

I. SAMUEL iv. 19.

AS individuals are not properly singled out in public addresses, and as corporations are said to have no souls, so no remarks concerning a church should be taken as personal, because by birth and death the constituency of a religious society is continually changing, while only its permanent interest and character can any pastor or particular speaker have in view. And so I shall speak of the gospel of Christian tidings to-day, and, as one advises me, plainly and without adjectives.

Tidings, — things brought by time, cast by the ocean of eternity on shore. "Time and tide wait for no man." "There is a tide in the affairs of men."

When the sea leaves the beach the boat must be pushed along the sand or over flats; and if it be ebb-tide, it is hard to row against the stream. A popular picture shows a married pair first gliding down the stream, and then laboring up. The negro pilot in the harbor of Charleston being asked, "How far to the city?" answered, "Wind and tide contrary, it is

ten miles; but with flood and fair wind, you are there now!" Brethren and sisters, it was once flood-tide of population in this part of Boston; but in what a long unreturning under-tow the old residents by hundreds have gone, so that their houses of worship, like so many floating bethels, have followed them, this one alone of the old Protestant churches caught and kept aground! Last Tuesday we had indeed a coast-tide, lasting for two hours, — then the reflux from these doors. The vast audience was welcome, the enthusiasm delightful; but one such attendance is small sustenance for a church. There is always something cheap in a crowd, — even dangerous in a high wave, as the vessel sinks into its hollow, and may even come near striking (as in a dory I have done) on a hidden rock. But for the strangers that seek this tabernacle, it were already a ship abandoned on the strand. We are as a corporation reduced to a handful of proprietors. Twenty years ago I foresaw and warned you of the position to which, remaining in this place, by the drift of things we should be left. I have in the premises no more advice to give. Not that I underrate the old stand. Who more than I is qualified to appreciate the venerable associations, in spite of which, however, even the sacred ark of the Jews was moved from place to place? The force of habit, fear of change, doubt of strength, lack of courage, and want of funds, or rather dread of a subscription, or indis-

position to generous enterprise, — as many cords as the Lilliputians bound Gulliver with, — hold us where we are. Like Lot's wife we count the cost of going, not that of staying! Our good Governor on the anniversary day spoke of thin assemblies in these courts, referring to numbers, — the idol we worship in this country. If the congregation were weighed instead of counted, it might bear comparison with any other in the city. Nevertheless in a large building a small company is unmagnetic, like a wet atmosphere on the electric jar; and only in the sunshine of many faces does the spark of zeal pass from soul to soul. I wonder if my friends here have ever considered the draught on their minister's vitality, the sucking of the pump in the well of their own few and scattered ranks, the disheartening to him of inconstant, infrequent attendance, and the example of such as, like Irish landlords, are complete absentees; the effect of a high pulpit, with wide spaces beneath of empty pews, and vacant galleries above, the enclosure of the sanctuary representing no ample growth, but resembling a big withered pod, in which the grains or kernels rustle or rattle round, and the heavy expense on the nerves of any clergyman who should regularly officiate in such a partial void for many years; the effort needful, at the short end of the lever, to raise a band dispersed through a radius of many miles, and fetch them over a long hill into a deserted quarter of the town. I am not complain-

ing, but stating the case. I have never tried to drum you to church. But this semi-centennial date is a crisis to move us to sober reflection, which the late rejoicings cannot enliven, and the compliments that could neither be deprecated nor accepted, but only surprise and confound us, are quite insufficient to drown.

Any public functionary may well hesitate to probe the causes of failure or ill success in the firm he is part of, so ready is the answer that the unfortunate situation is his own fault. There is no rejoinder or rebuttal to such a plea. My shortcomings I freely confess. I but claim good intentions, with only average ability. I have never sought to be popular. I am not one of those generals who are said to organize victory, like Bonaparte or Grant, or the financiers like Hamilton, who, as Webster said, raised to life the corpse of the public credit at a touch. But in the wish to be faithful at my post I may be equal to any servant; and let me say, for your instruction, in justice to any future pastor, that inevitable and ever-growing difficulties here will so exhaust and discourage as to leave him but half his strength, as the muscles of a horse are wasted by the obstacles in a road. By halts and friction you arrive slowly and late, and it may be after dark. We have but a little day of life. Let us in spiritual matters copy the skill of engineers, who take off nine tenths of the traction by the smoothness of the steel wheels and rails.

I remember Christ's word and promised presence with "two or three." I have had rare delight in little gatherings. I have no itching for a throng. But it is reasonable for a public speaker to think to relinquish his calling if his hearers fall away, and wise for a society to move or rear a smaller edifice if it desire its own perpetuation, when the chasms open and yawn along its aisles.

How much this circumstantial or geographical infelicity and disappointment in the declination of the society in Christ's phrase to "go hence," and its resolve to stay on the old spot, had to do with my prostration twenty years ago I do not know or desire to learn. Other causes in part no doubt conspired and tended to break me down. The Civil War had just ceased, to which seventy of our youth had been inspired to go, some to be buried in earth or sea, some to expire in hospitals, and some to have their lifeless bodies brought home. I lost some of my blood with theirs. The period of my incompetency ensued. If you have read the classic fable of him who recovered strength by touching his mother-earth, you may surmise the secret of my recovery. Born in the country, accustomed to exercise and toil of a sort — mowing, pitching hay, grinding tools — which for many years of my educational and professional life I had been led to disuse, and being as we say "run down," as I fell I instinctively stretched out my hand to the ground. Dr. Edward H. Clarke declared that when the

hand does not work, a portion of the brain loses nourishment, suffers atrophy, and is undeveloped. But with me the long-neglected cerebral organ of constructiveness came into play. Unable to do anything else, I began to build and plant and engineer, to handle the axe, hedge-bill, and crow-bar, to pry out rocks, trim trees, cut away thistles and bull-briers; and in all this I felt, as I feel in memory still, like a famished child to whose cry you see a mother open by stealth, in the car, her breast. But whatever health I might thus get out of my purchased territory of rock and wilderness, it was thought in the neighboring village, and by shrewd merchants in Boston, that on account of the extravagant price I had paid financial ruin stared me in the face, — as one expressed it, I should not come off without a broken skin (my skin was improving all the time), while another said he "would not take my barren pasture as a gift, and pay the mortgages;" and some perhaps thought it ill became a minister to speculate in real estate. None of my critics and fault-finders, however, knew (and I did not tell them) what I was after: not any fortune, but my life, in no act of which have I ever been more moved by a power above my own will. One summer afternoon, — after my pen had become a horror to me, to shiver at and recoil from, and I could not have stood up in a pulpit without fainting, — I went into the shadow of a great rock (type of God) near the cliffs on Cape Ann, and

I looked off on the surge and wide sparkle of the roaring sea, and felt a thrill from remembering how in my childhood I had been stirred and transported by the billows of the same dear old Atlantic deep which God scooped the globe for a hundred miles away; and I said to myself, "There yonder, fifty-five years ago, was my cradle, and here will be my grave. The scene where I first woke, how like it is to this where I shall at last sleep, as only infancy on earth can!" Despite the weakness, from which I was convalescing so as to be able to begin a little work, and think of making sermons and books, how I lived and revelled in the beauty of the concentric spheres or circles of land and sea and sky, cut with the horizon-line afar! How by the infinite charm of Nature I was made aware of the immortality of the soul! How indeed I became conscious of God in myself! So I pitched with Him my tent. As the days passed by, the increments of health gathered like particles to an opening seed or crystallizing gem. In the worldly way verily I was the fool I was supposed to be. I am not entitled to credit for the sagacity which, after the ravages of the Boston fire were repaired and ten years had rolled away, I was also charged with having shown. Reputation is a shadow I never looked after, more than my shadow on the street. I am willing to be accused either of prudence or imprudence, by turns, but I was scarcely guilty of both sins at the same moment and in the same act. A

dear friend, in his affectionate, winsome, and familiar style of speech, charitably told you last Tuesday that I had not slighted my duty looking after my land. But looking after the land alone qualified me or made me equal to any duty of a public kind. Gladstone prepares himself for Parliament by chopping trees at his country place. Lincoln, cleaving the rails, got the strength, all of which he needed, to wield the emancipation pen. But I do not merit the compliments lavished on me of foresight and the long head, — not so good as it were to have a high one, could we choose. As the habits of life and of giving in charity in my house have always consumed more than twice or thrice the sum of my salary, and as I am also of my grandfather-in-law Simeon Howard's mind to serve my people for any compensation or none, and really do not know what the stipend is, perhaps the prosperity which only by social influence and the prevailing need of a purer than city air has been reached, from whomever else it may fetch a smile or a frown, furnishes no occasion for regret on your part. On mine no deep calculation or piece of good luck, but a gracious Providence relieved mental stoppage, and returned to music the chords of every nerve. Blessed be business, all of it I have had!

On Tuesday my Orthodox brother formulated my faith thus: "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive;" and he added that my creed would kill him. Doubtless, if I had one, it might. I have

in my armory no such weapon. But the movement variously named Transcendental, Radical, or Free Religious, which began among us as long ago as 1830, has released us all from dogmatic bonds, and has disclosed the rock to build on in the human soul, showing that other foundations are but sand. With temporary struggle, as when a house is hauled to a better position by the building-movers, even so a church alters its position; and there is some jar and wrenching on the way.

Not overlooking, rather supremely cherishing, the religious sentiment, I have preached truth and the moral law, "righteousness in the great congregation," as David did. I have held forth honest politics, social sincerity, temperance, purity, peace, and a piety which is joy, with a charity that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth.

As I am speaking of a fifty years' experience, I may be permitted to acknowledge my debt for fair and candid treatment to that Third Estate, greater than any French Assembly. I mean the Press, the lending of whose columns, stronger than any troops in arms, is the transcendent risk and responsibility of the present age. Every anonymous attack is a shot from ambush on a chosen victim in the eyes of a million men. The boast that gunpowder put all inequalities of physical strength on a level, is overmatched by the privilege of assaulting through the newspaper the honor dearer than life, and the good name to which one's purse is trash. Any plausible

pretext suffices to authorize a writer to fire an article at one whom he might not presume to address openly, or even dare to face. That a power so vast, and that may be dreadful, is used on the whole so wisely and well is a marvel, and perhaps the chief mark of progress, as journalism is the prominent feature, in the civilization of our day. A sharp-shooter from the sacred desk, aiming at if he does not always hit the selfish sectarian or partisan shams and sins of his time, should pay his sincere respects to the knights templar of the editorial pen if the war on their side be honorable, or the encounter of wits according to the fair rules of the game. Praise is not what any of the community's servants ought to desire. There is rather a refined pleasure beyond that from any flattery in finding oneself justly blamed, as the old warrior, if he means to fight again, is pleased to have the joints in his armor discovered even by a spear. I am happy, for a more solid and general reason of justice than any personal gratification, to confess that in controversy I have never received a foul blow. "Whose bull is gored?" is a pithy proverb. In my little line of conduct I must own the pulpit has not outdone the press in good nature, civility, wit, or equity. So should it be. The preacher and editor are not enemies, but coadjutors. They are not quits. They seek one object, in a right hand of fellowship; and though the hard-worked by night and day reporter has room but for an abstract, and the orator will be apt

to think the best part of his performance is left out, I sometimes think more sense is printed or concisely suggested than the sermon contained. It is at once curious and encouraging when the daily sheet gives as much space and stress as does the clerical and lay convention, or the religious weekly, to a theological debate.

But enough of the past. As the people, publicans, and soldiers asked John the Baptist, "What shall we do?" a noble friend of whom I inquired, answered he would have the West Church to be preserved, but supposed it would become a memory. I do not wish it to die on my hands, or to have, like that in Sardis, only "a name to live." I trust it is not "ready to die." But its membership is depleted. The seed-corn of the Sunday-school is gone. It has become a ministry at large. I own the love that has kept me here and has kept me alive. But personal affection alone cannot maintain a society which declines and decays by a natural law, any more than it makes a tree flourish in an unfit or unfeeding soil.

I shall not take it hard, but be thankful, if you can find another younger pastor, with entire release for me in that case from either service or support. Plenty of interesting and useful occupation I should have for the after-piece and remainder of my life. You have read the story of Washington at Mount Vernon, and of Cincinnatus at the plough and at eighty on the farm. I could emulate them gladly,

however insignificantly. If any withdraw from or omit to observe this worship because they know what I will say, and have heard it all, it and I being old stories both, I demur not, —

"Against their reasons making no defence."

That by any possible worldly motive I can be retained here I am sure you cannot suspect. You will please to consider my resignation of ten years ago in reality now offered, though I do not propose by insisting to afflict you, or cause a tender heart to bleed with intruding its written form. But whenever you can secure a new shepherd, then from my so long speaking and directing I shall be glad to hush, and yield you to his crook. Yet may no bishop of yours need, more than I have done, aught but a word or look for your guidance, even as the hierarchy was dispensed with at the birth of this church, and in Mayhew's portrait, with its background as of cathedral walls, the mitre and crosier lie beneath the wreathed flowers and leaves.

As we grow old amid the shifting shapes, disappointments, and bereavements of this phantom world, we learn not to *wish* or *say* we wish: wishes cease. I might desire or implore one thing, that the church should be true to its traditions, and under whatever pressure never assume a lesser than the Christian name. Not the least reason for its continuance, as I judge, is in this banner of freedom which it has never failed to uphold. As an unsectarian and

uncommitted body it has had the credit of sincerity, and of courage too. It has been a sort of mediator between opposing schools. It has had all the more faith for its lack of articles. It has never been retained by any party in politics or religion. It could not take the bribe of a retaining fee. Its ministers — and none more than the present one — have enjoyed a friendship and fellowship restricted by no denominational lines. Its constituency is in all the United States. It has been an organ of the Spirit, listened to as such far and wide through the land. May its voice still be heard when on earth our lips are silent and our ears are shut!

Let me close with this good omen. An elder brother bade me "hold the fort;" and one sitting by him said, "There is nobody in it." But it is not quite unmanned. Fort Independence in the harbor answers to this in the town; and were there no men, it has pious and patriotic women enough for its defence. But independence is no personal prerogative, nor can liberty be the possession of any private individual, to do and come and go, exempt from obligation, as he or she may please. It is a common gift and investiture for concord in duty together, as of a flock or swarm in the field or air or hive; a membership which none are free to stray from or betray, else they break a law, and are false to a lesson which the crows and conies, bees and locusts teach, to go for mutual protection all one way. One person in his life or fortune is

nothing but a breath or bit of froth compared to an institution, a nation, a church, any humane and holy cause. The individual should be willing to go on or down, like the captain in the "Ariel" in Cooper's novel, or like the sailors in the "Cumberland" in Hampton Roads; and when one heard she had sunk, knowing his friend would stick to the ship, he said, "Then Joe's dead." If the citizenship, soldiery, and martyrdom of our religion and native land cannot so convince us, then in vain is every witness, and like waters spilled on the ground is the shedding of patient and heroic blood.

Our Fellowship.

TWO SERMONS

BY THE REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL.

PREACHED APRIL 3 AND APRIL 17, 1887.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

I.

WHILE THEY COMMUNED TOGETHER, JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR, AND WENT WITH THEM. — *Luke* xxiv. 15.

AS in the Lord's Supper the table and silver vessels, with bread and wine, are but adjuncts, not the essence, it was a communion-service that the great assembly observed a month ago in this house, and of its elements clergy and laity of diverse persuasions partook, — a Hindu Brahmin from the land which the sun first visits to burn the human skin, having his share. How did a fellowship impossible a few years ago become a certain fact? Partly from the disintegration of sects, weakening of denominational lines, and the power of elective affinities to dissolve old and form new bonds of sympathy. Despite multiplying dissensions in every branch of the Christian Church, — indeed in consequence thereof, as we cannot live without mutual affection, — our religion evinces a new and large growth of charity. Every conventicle becomes less sure of the absolute correctness of its creed. The divided host of believers reunites in the citadel as science

besieges the outworks and breaches the walls. Then, besides, there is something indefinable because so deep in all our sentiments towards God or man. He does not love who can tell why he loves, and can put his heart into articles or his worship into form. In fine, the love-feast on the two great commandments which we had here at the dawn of spring was no doubt due in a measure to the interest attendant on the local calendar which marks the persistence of institutions through long lapses of time. The present ministry had lasted for fifty years. Thrice as long with its wooden temple and second edifice of brick the church had stood. When the almanac marks a century, or half that period, the ages themselves seem to tell their coursing in the silent belfry of the stars, as of a clock or dial that registers passages though it do not strike. Still, the main cause of our spiritual concert and triumphant jubilee of faith and praise was the cordial and joyful acceptance by our guests of the invitation to our board, and the abundant provision in speech and song, smiling presence and hearty response, which they brought for the fare on which with them we fed.

What is or was, with but these natural lively emblems, the Supper of the Lord? It is to recognize together and realize the continuing companionship of what is vanished from sight, hushed by death. It is to recall the friends we can no longer for the present touch, hearken, or speak to through any

bodily sense and organ; not to hold them simply as memories in the brain, or, as the heathen fancied, shades to visit sometime in the underworld, but bright images in the breast for real contemplation, actual intercourse, and vital interview. It is to have sweet converse through our imagination with persons known to us only by tradition, in parental and ecclesiastical descent. So like old Samuel the prophet to King Saul, Hooper and Mayhew and Howard and Lowell returned, came down or back, and were greeted not only by their posterity in the West Church, but by those of every order of religious thinking; and we knew not who was host or who stranger, whether we were hospitable to the crowd we had summoned, or they did the gracious honors to us. Indeed, genuine communion is always somewhat more than voluntary demonstration; it is unconscious attraction, a drawing in the bosom, which the understanding is but half aware of and wholly unable to comprehend. It is the secret of the Lord in us, which lip or pen cannot tell.

Christianity, beyond any other influence, has created or unfolded this feeling of membership in mankind. What a long and glorious evolution it has been since four thousand years ago Rachel stole her father Laban's hewn and painted images, and hid them among the camel's furniture in her tent, and sat upon them and pretended her womanly condition was such she could not rise! What a space from that religious barbarism to this day,

when deity has its figures and representatives in no idols of wood or stone or gems and gold, but our glowing ideas of the good souls whose mortal decease is but the signal for their vision in the ecstasy of the mind! What a development or transformation of the pagan custom of penates or household-gods, shapes from the chisel or melting-pot, which had to be taken by hand from one to another abode, as compared to this latter-day glory, when our beloved unseen, unhandled, go with us of their own accord whithersoever we go, lie down and rise up as we do, keep sleepless watch over our slumbers, and, like God, are acquainted with all our ways! What an alteration of destiny, forecast by us, when we think of them not as wrapt like Egyptian kings and queens in cloth of gum and linen to be brought forth from their cerements, preserved flesh and bones, after fifty centuries of years from the Pyramids, like the grain that has never sprouted in those crypts, not materialized terrestrially at all, but clad like the risen one, whose garments, we read, were white and glistering! What a betterment of education in the prophetic and apostolic school we get from the lesson set by the angel's question, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" — as, though we pay all decent monumental respect to the ashes waiting to mix with their kindred dust, we yet do not associate them with epitaph or sod, mound or sepulchre, as if they could make of any tomb their haunt, having gone to

some well-lighted chamber, and had presented to them in a finer than any golden box of earthly metropolis the freedom of the city of God! With whatever diversity of method or tenet, was not the throng in these courts on the first of March one in perfect unison in this atmosphere of faith? This conviction, this conception, is common in our spirit of an immortal life, and was cherished by every shepherd and all the sheep met in this their common fold. Only this voicing or rhetoric of the spectacle is mine. The everlasting tune is played for a moment on my instrument; but the music is in all our minds, a harmony by the Supreme Artist performed. Has not the mental the same warrant of reality as the material order and state? We all agree that this earth has been evolved from crude conditions, once "without form and void," into the fair and balanced globe, that the darkness-covered deep has blossomed as the bright and laughing sea, and that out of fire and flood the blind dumb germs of Nature have opened as plant and flower, and beast and man. Is there aught less solid, or more by chance, in this other evolution of the soul into belief, hope, and pictures in fast colors, imaginations of a being without end? Thus at least we talk like the disciples with Jesus on the way to Emmaus, of what together we remember and aim after and expect. We agree with them and with the old ministers in their charge through the first century of this church. Does God care

less for the intellectual evolution than for the material? Is it accidental?

But on this canvas there are, besides our ecclesiastical ancestors, some other figures I ask leave to paint, of those religious fathers and brothers who have been influences for many of you as for myself. First in the order of time, Channing the rationalist, — in this gallery of theology the form most sublime, his great spiritual presence lifting him above his scarce medium mortal height, and expanding his slender size into a commanding dignity, so that the captain of a vessel, seeing him once out of his pulpit on deck, was astonished at his littleness, and cried, "I thought till now you were six feet high!" He had indeed an habitual elevation of thought. As truly to him as to the French Bossuet might the trope be applied of the eagle. He soared without effort into the upper air of contemplation; he sailed in supreme dominion above the world with hardly apparent motion of his Platonic wings. A singular serenity, which I have never seen quite the like of, went along with his self-evident sanctity. In ascending the stairs of his desk in Federal Street he did not seem to be going up, nor to be coming down when he went to their foot. The private in him was square with the public man. In his sermon he conversed with the congregation, and in the parlor with a single caller he preached to that audience of one. He listened as intently as he spoke; but for one I found it difficult to get utterance of

reply to such a formidable ear. In his ever-musing look he was so abstract he seemed like a planet rolling far off in the firmament, or a transatlantic shore. His eye was deep-set, half closed, and withdrawn. I always with him had the feeling I have now at the telegraph station, with the telephone, or at the ocean-cable, that my words must be well chosen, few, and to be conscientiously accounted for. I paused and hesitated before my syllables as those did who journeyed, in old Greek time, to the oracles at Delphi or Dodona; and I waited for what alone to me was of any concern, — the cavernous reply. As much as Isaiah or Ezekiel, Channing was a prophet and seer. But there was lowliness in his grandeur. My choice would have been that he should take part and be chief speaker at my ordination. But it was otherwise appointed. I could not claim the right, young as I was and retiring, to decide. He was not invited to speak, though known as among the clergy my nearest friend. But, with the lowliness that was in his grandeur, he came walking over the threshold and sat silent in a pew near the desk. It may have been feared, had he been asked to preach, he would have given some of his peculiar views. But they needed not his articulation or the charm of his tones, that made hymn or scripture new, to get into a thousand temples. He pleasantly criticised to me, in private, the good discourse on Christian perfection that was actually delivered, as, with all its proper sentiment, not showing in what the per-

fection expounded by the preacher might consist. Reason, not superstition, was his watchword; and the record he desired was that he might be judged to have done something to lighten or remove from the neck of the people a tyrannical dogmatic yoke. When a portrait of him was in hand he said, "I do not care for an intellectual expression on the canvas so much as I wish that my face should beam kindly on my fellow-men." In his old age he exclaimed, "I am always young for liberty!" His last years were spent in translating for the poor and the slave all his divinity into humanity.

I see his face now as of one that does not creatively imagine, but soberly reflects, — as, glass in hand, from some summit one surveys the plain. He had views rather than visions of truth. He was not a poet, but a thinker and saint. He maintained a lofty table-land level, but did not shoot up into mountain-peaks. All his days were solemn as with an endless religious service, but seldom lighted with any play of fancy or wit. He was child-like in simplicity, but not in sport. He was always at a school, without recess, in which he sat as pupil and stood as master too. He was found once alone at a boys' bagatelle-board, trying rather awkwardly to push the little ivory balls with a long cue; and to one who happened in he slowly remarked, "I am desirous to find the principle of this game." A new dish having been offered him at table, he tasted and said, "It is not good; the perfect is what we are

ever searching for, yet unable to attain." Being asked if he had not been tired by an ordaining sermon an hour and a half long, to parry blame and protect his tenderness with artless cunning at one stroke, he answered, "I was tired before our brother began!" His slight morsel of mortality, shivering in his quilted wrapper at the wind, was however cast in heroic mould. When the mayor of Boston refused the use of Faneuil Hall to celebrate the martyrdom of the Antislavery Lovejoy who fell defending his printing-press, his courageous appeal to the citizens obliged the municipal council to reverse the decree. As the human tide rolled into the old cradle on that occasion and it began to rock as of yore, a friend at his side asked, "Can you stand thunder?" "Yes," he responded, "of this sort to any extent." In perhaps the only instance of sarcasm he was ever known to be guilty of, he dealt briefly with the attorney-general who had said Lovejoy had died as the fool dieth. Having once accepted an invitation to a great dinner-party, he told me it was a great sacrifice to the animal nature; but it pleased him to see how small a portion of it was consumed. He would not preach a dedication-sermon because not in sympathy with a showy church.

This in my chambers of imagery is the rationalist. "Is it reasonable?" was the question he asked respecting every doctrine, proceeding, policy, or form. He wrote and preached much on the evidences of Christianity, and was one of them him-

self. The Christ whose lover and votary he was, looking forward to see him in heaven, — that Christ had a large hand in making him, and with no need to be ashamed of this particular specimen of work. The great German philosopher Immanuel Kant, after a vain attempt to demonstrate to the understanding the existence of God and persistence of the human soul, fell back on what he considered the moral argument, — on the conscience in man, which is called the voice of God. But that witness is not only from, but for God! If the poet's word be true respecting the painter or sculptor, —

"Himself from God he could not free," —

the good word or deed of every worthy man is a divine attestation, and implies a celestial origin and destiny, — as the river tells of its source in clouds invisible, and of its emptying into the distant sea. But on no testimony of others can we live, unless in pure devotion we add to it our own.

Channing is the liberal leader. He bore, as he said, cheerfully the name "Unitarian" only as a reproach. Nature speaks not of number in God. He is one in all, not three in all; He is innumerable. Channing's own name is without spot. No sin lies at his door; no apology is needed for his life or for any page from his pen. As the sky is not stained by the clouds that pass over it, there was no blot on his soul from the evil in the world. Through him never a sign of offence or note of

scandal came. His best eulogy at his decease was in our vestry and from the lips of his great contemporary, Taylor the Bethel preacher, who described him, when about to die, as turning on his bed to the sun that streamed at afternoon from the west through the window half-shaded with the clambering vines. From this picture of the last scene, the great Methodist passed to exhortation, and cried to us who listened, "Walk in the light! Walk in the light!"

Do you say of my descriptions and anticipations, "We want not fancies, but facts?" I answer, What is a fact? Something, is it not, that exists in the world by a law? Such is a mountain, or a mine of rock or metal or coal or oil. It has come to exist by an evolution of Nature through the will of God. It is a fact! Is not a feeling in human nature, any persuasion that is higher than a mountain, deeper than a mine, and wider than a layer of the globe, also a fact? Does it not come to exist by a law, and crop out of history like the granite of the hills, and gush up like the fountains beneath the heart, whose springs are fed from every cloud of trouble and by the dews of grace? I claim as facts the sentiments of men and women, whose lives and characters adorn the landscape and ennoble mankind. I think Heaven cares less for zodiac or ecliptic than for our thought and hope. Let us thank God for this our human frame; that, as much as the River Amazon is made to run, and as Chimborazo to rise,

and as the vale of Chamouni to sink, so we are fashioned to love, aspire, and revere; and that the features of Nature will and do change, the hills crumble, depths fill, and streams dry more and sooner than the soul can cease to live, to love, and to pray.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

II.

THAT WHICH WE HAVE SEEN AND HEARD DECLARE WE UNTO YOU, THAT YE ALSO MAY HAVE FELLOWSHIP WITH US. — 1 *John* i. 3.

AS in churches of so-called "close communion" fellowship means separation and discord rather, the few men and women, one of a thousand, who by some life-boat or fire-escape get safe away from the world as from a burning house or sinking ship; and as ecclesiastical history shows that such fellowship, not of heart and feeling, but of creed and form, falls under pressure like a sandy foundation or a baseless bridge, the quarrels among communicants being notorious, while in a well-constructed arch opposite stones stand firm in their places and contribute alike to the beauty and endurance of the whole, because they obey and rest on an invisible principle of gravitation, — so a common character and spirit reconcile the widest diversities of custom and belief.

To demonstrate this proposition, and as a sequel to our first of March observance, I refer to three men, — Emerson, Bushnell, and Taylor, — as signal

illustrations: Emerson the idealist, Bushnell the congregationalist, and Taylor the enthusiast. In the realm of the understanding how divergent the tracks of these real fellows in the world's university! But do not scouts of a military host and geographical explorers have the same object and secure the same end, in however many directions of parallel or meridian they part? Paul and Barnabas were not fellow-travellers. Every prophet, apostle, evangelist went his own way. In regard to the three Americans I have named, note some particulars of fundamental accord. How do they meet? I answer —

I. By inspiration of religious genius, — in Emerson, through ideas in the reason; in Bushnell, through evangelical doctrines; in Taylor, through sentiments of the heart. Emerson was an eye: he must see for himself. He took nothing on authority; he questioned every statement; his countenance was a benevolent interrogation-point. Never was a face which was at once such an open door and such an insurmountable bar. The judgment-seat shone through his eyes. No assumption or tradition unverified could pass. He said, "I am an inquirer, with no past at my back!" He thought principle was all, and the person of Jesus was brought forward too much. "Never let me hear that man's name again," he was ready to cry with Voltaire. Christianity at one time he considered as having done more harm than good. He broke with his society because he could not administer the Lord's Supper in the

accepted style. He ridiculed a clergyman who, as the sexton had forgotten to supply the font with water, nevertheless scooped the bowl with his hand and christened the baby with air; and he quoted with zest the critic who said the priest baptizes his own fingers. Yet the Church drew him back and sucked him in. This man born of a seven-fold clerical ancestry, ecclesiastical bishop who could not bear a clerical robe, this minister with no charge, this monk without a frock, stood alone as no prelate did for the entrance of the Holy Spirit into the private soul, and through that into the church and the world; and Father Taylor said that of all men he had ever known, Emerson was the most Christ-like. He knew, said Taylor, no more about Christianity than did Balaam's ass of the Hebrew tongue; but Taylor, laying his own ear close to Emerson's heart, though there was a screw loose somewhere, he said, he yet could detect no jar in the machinery; and he declared if that man went to hell it would change the climate, and the emigration would be that way. Like John in the Revelation, Emerson censured the church he did not desert. Himself a heavenly body, his orbit an ellipse, he was now farther from, anon nearer to, the sun, — approaching it continually in his latter days, as the magnetic meridian returns to the pole. He had queried if Jesus even meant to teach the doctrine of immortality; but he concluded in the faith of identity. His last dying will and testimony was that the soul would persist and

be the same. When the question was raised, he insisted that in the town where he lived and died his name was and must be on the church-books, and had never in any generation been taken therefrom. He had compared these mortal vessels of ours to ships on the sea, whose captains shout through their speaking-trumpets as they pass, but cannot tell whence they sail or to what port bound, their faint voices lost in the roaring winds and waves. Yet he steered to and made port! He died in odor of sanctity and in a heavenly faith. He had declared religion is moral; but he impersonated the Divinity as saying, —

> "I am the sparkle of the spar,"
>
> "And conscious law is King of kings."

The sacred sentences of the resurrection and the life on the old temple-walls over his coffin better than could extemporaneous speech or prayer performed a silent service for his dust. So Garrison dead was reclaimed by the church.

Bushnell's mind was kith and kin of Emerson's in its imaginative frame and its independent working, though on different stuff. Not discarding the old formulas, he piously strove to penetrate their significance. By rationalizing he would reconcile them to each other and to advancing intelligence. He declared he could swallow all the articles of all the sects. He had a solvent for denominational contradictions, as a well is a solution of salts and

alkalies from every stratum of the globe. He shocked Orthodoxy out of its notion of a necessary sudden conversion, by affirming through the law of heredity that the children of Christian parents were of course Christians, church-begotten and church-born; and he wrought out his argument with resistless strength and incomparable skill. He astonished Cambridge with the most brilliant and original oration the Phi Beta Kappa Society ever heard, though Buckminster and Everett and Emerson as speakers were on its roll. He did not, like Emerson, bolt from his religious order; he reformed it from within. Emerson's phrase "the pale negations of Boston Unitarianism" fell blunted from such men as Channing, whom Emerson admired to the end of his days. Bushnell clung to the company he quickened from stagnancy, as Sheridan our general led to battle the soldiers he had conjured back from shameful rout.

Bushnell and Emerson were preachers from divinity schools, graduates with degrees of honor from academy and college. Taylor was a product of the soil, of that nature the solid gem on which he said education could but put a polish. "Hitch your wagon to a star," wrote Emerson. But Taylor was tackled when born! Genius has been called the power to kindle one's own fire. But Taylor might say with David, "The Lord shall light my candle." This man was as the bush that Moses saw, which burnt and was unconsumed. Other men whom I

have known had flashes and jets; Taylor's lamp, like that in the temple of Vesta, never went out. His faculties were like the train which some engine all the time pushes or pulls. As a hot spring bursts up, or a volcano overflows, or a chemical mixture flames into spontaneous combustion, or a furnace is fed so that the heat never slacks, but when the stoker opens the door the blaze glares out through all the room, and we feel the presence of a force which we did not create, but can only guide and carefully hem in, and cannot tell its source more than we can where Horeb or Sinai got their voice and fire, — so this man did not make himself. He was possessed and elemental, controlled from above. He was styled self-taught. No! he was taught of God, and was an expression or proof of the divine being. Atheistic conceit declares "God the noblest work of man," and that "a God should be invented if he did not exist." When the voice came from heaven to Jesus, some of the people said it thundered; others said an angel spake to him. Whenever we are stirred, we feel that the motion originates in no mortal creature, but is an order from on high. Taylor, yet a sailor-boy, happened one day in Boston harbor into church. The exhorter, Parson Hedding, seemed to him like a ship under full sail, casting up the briny spray, some of which fell on the sailor-boy's face in the form of tears; and he was baptized on the spot. He was impressed for the voyage of life.

II. But besides the genius these men had in common, Emerson, Bushnell, and Taylor were alike in native shrewdness. They all had the apostolic gift of the discerning of spirits, and were keen judges of character. Notable was their good humor. No cloud so angry but any one of them, with the lightning-rod of some happy turn, could discharge safely of its bolt. No dilemma from which they could not beat a retreat and extricate a company or soften a conversation by their irresistible provocation of a smile. When a theological professor denounced his transcendental oration as hurtful nonsense, Emerson inquired his name, and said, "He appears to be a very sensible man." He understood a large pharisee as well as he did the little one, who "when he fasts blows a trumpet before him." When Taylor, for once, got involved in his discourse, and the audience were embarrassed, he cried out, "I have lost my nominative case, but I am on the way to glory!" A great divine having labored long at my conversion, Bushnell asked him what in his argument he had done. "I have laid out the Presbyterian creed," was the reply. Said Bushnell, — his eyes laughing before his lips did, — "You have put a shroud on it; for that is what they do when they lay things out!" Bushnell first studied for the law. A cross-examining lawyer asked him on the witness-stand, after he became a minister, if, having been a law-student, he could not understand the principle in the case under trial. Bushnell re-

sponded, "I left the law because principle was what I found it had not!" With what delicious satire he affirms he has no personal feeling to the Connecticut doctor of divinity of his own denomination who had fiercely assailed his new position, saying that he only wants to put his opponent into an attitude of "comprehensive repugnance"! Bushnell, Emerson, and Taylor were a fellowship of love and irony.

How large is the credit-side for these men's wit! What a grim scowling visage in the New-England theology before their day! They took the wrinkle from its features and put in a wreath. "O Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon us," but not that wrathful deity's dark forbidding face!

> "It was that settled ceaseless gloom
> The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
> Who had no hope beyond the tomb,
> And could not look for rest before."

Taylor asked Bushnell how a Calvinist could be a Christian, when the same arbitrary decree that had elected him to heaven could forthwith turn round the stick, lift the damned to paradise and doom him to hell. The sailor-preacher admitted the sulphur, but considered it something to smell of, not to burn in. He practised a sort of homœopathy of brimstone, meanwhile dealing out large doses of wine and oil without money and without price, — good Samaritan of the pulpit as he was. Fun was his weapon with the unruly. At the conference he

told the noisy boys in the gallery, "Go home, every mother's son of you: this is no net to catch shrimps!" As one of his Methodist brethren objected to any Unitarian occupation of the Bethel-desk, he fell on his knees and exclaimed from the pulpit-stairs, "O Lord, deliver us from bigotry and bad rum! Thou knowest which is worst, I do not." How he smoothed the furrows which fear had been the sexton to dig alike in the Puritanic faces and in their graves! Well was the burial-ground formerly called the churchyard! It was hard by,—the annex!

The service which Taylor and Bushnell and Emerson rendered was that of pioneers in the western woods, to chase away the wild-beast terror and let in the sun. It had been accounted a sin to raise a laugh on Sunday in the sanctuary. The sailor-preacher with his quick transitions tickled the organ of mirthfulness and unsealed the fountain of tears. We knew not if we cried or smiled: he wedded weeping to the merry heart. Solomon called a merry heart a perpetual feast. Like the traveller whose tales made the savages laugh so that they could not use their bows or tomahawks, Taylor disarmed the prophets of woe and despair. The drops he drew from our eyes were not cold and bitter, but warm and sweet.

How then did these men differ? In construing a book, in framing a theory, in observing an occasion, in arranging a service. Men can join in these things and cut each other's throats. They differed

in bodily size, stature, complexion, and gait; they agreed in loving God, in searching for truth, in devotion to mankind, and in showing how congenial true religion is to the soul. Paul wrote that "the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God." He meant the man of flesh and sense. But it is natural, not unnatural, to man to be spiritual. Theologians have fancied man's nature must be changed; and priests have too often changed it, as other living substances sometimes are, into stone. These men were no petrifiers or petrifactions. They knew and honored with mutual commendation, and never jarred. They were each other's complements. They belonged together, co-ordinate, like the three sides of a triangle including a large territory. But there was in them nothing stiff or sharp. Bushnell discoursed on work and play, and would in actual sport try with me which could throw a pebble farthest into the sea. Emerson's posture was perpetual courtesy; he bent to bless. He hearkened oftener than he spoke. Taylor, about to die, did not count it would be much of a show when told he was going to see the angels. "Folks are better," he replied. He was going to the folks! Like other sick people, he properly resented whispers in the entry about his condition, and being managed behind his back. At table as he stirred the spoon in his cup, looking straight at his contriving nurse, he said grace thus: "O Lord, deliver us from deceit, conceit, and tattling." Tottering on

the brink of death, like a vessel swaying to and fro before she goes down, he was still natural; he put on no airs. He needed no extreme unction; he prepared no ascension-robes. Hamlet, being disgusted that his father was so soon forgot, says there is hope if a great man build churches that his memory may last for half a year! I think all these men will be remembered for some centuries. While the courts here remain in which they all taught, this society should bear them in mind. Great edifices are removed or razed to the ground, streets are altered, the huge granite reservoir yonder is gone, leaving but a heap of rubbish; but the noble souls abide whose mortal feet trod the pavement, and who were greater than the temples in which they stood. They cannot be displaced from our respect. A week ago I saw the snow falling on the tombs in yonder cemetery in the heart of the city; I noticed how soon most of the stones and mounds were covered and hidden from view. But a few tall monuments were conspicuous still. They seemed to me as figures of great men.

Pardon my paying this personal debt to men who are influences. Emerson I hold a master of free thought and magnanimity. Unaware of the application of it to himself, he said of Lincoln: "His heart, big as the world, had yet no room for the memory of a wrong!" Bushnell's love opened a door for the poor radical into the Orthodox heart. He was as ready as Socrates to talk with stranger or

heretic. When too weak to walk, he wanted to go out with a Unitarian visitor and show him the city of Hartford. But his family had hidden away his boots: he was shod for a different journey! Taylor was a universal wire, or rather the lightning-message. When Webster was waited for in Faneuil Hall, Taylor hushed the impatient crowd with the mellow thunder of his own word, praising their good nature, and saying, "The lion of the nation will come soon." He was himself a lion, of the breed of the tribe of Judah.

Such men are leaders for their own and of the following age. The flock of wild fowl yonder, sailing through air up the bay, keep together in their long, beautiful, wedge-like line to a predestined rest, and they have captains to their host in the sky which their flight adorns. Human creatures are a flock. They have a track, and conductors of their train. Keep your eye on the guides, and you will not stray.

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